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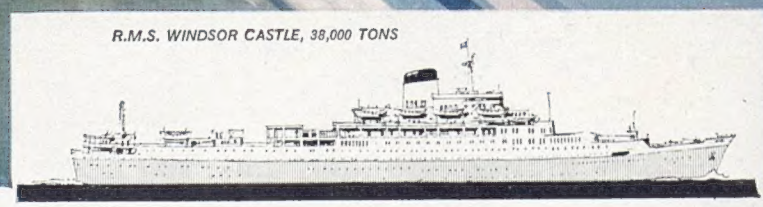

SUNDAY MORNING, SOUTH ATLANTIC

EXTRACT FROM LOG: Vessel, the good ship WINDSOR CASTLE, 38,000 tons. Due in at Cape Town in four days. Last night, cinema, followed by dancing on deck under fabulous moon. Latitude 10 South. An hour ago, Church Service conducted by Captain in Lounge. Time, half an hour to go to lunch, served on deck today. Weather, sun in a clear sky. Sea, dead calm. Passengers' comments overheard :- "I'm supposed to be travelling on business, but this is a 5-star holiday!!" "Superb menus, invigorating sea air . . . and such a lot of s-p-a-c-e everywhere!"

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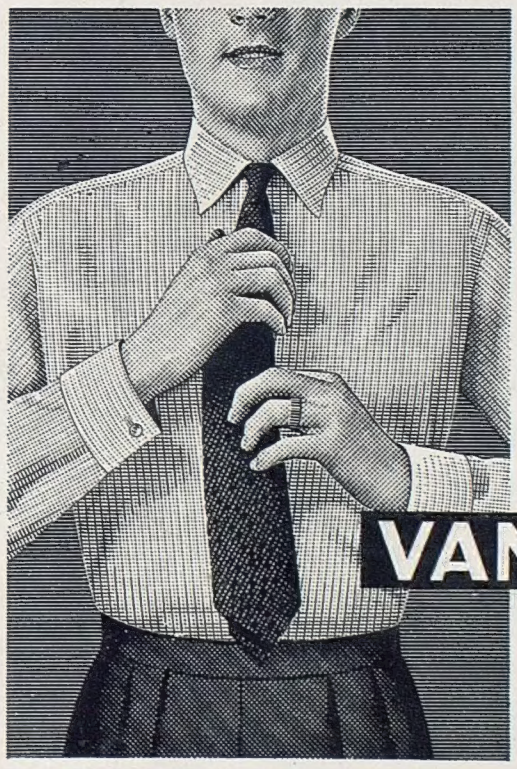

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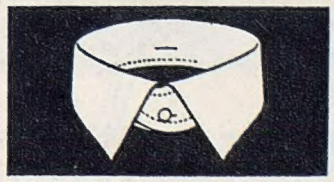

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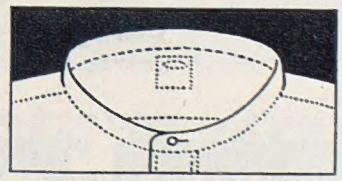

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Volume CCXLV No. 3177

THE SPHERE

LONDON, April 22, 1961

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THE FIRST MAN IN SPACE

Major Yuri Gagarin, of the Soviet Air Force, aged twenty-seven, went into orbit round the earth in the spaceship Vostok (East) in his historic flight on April 12. This picture was one of the first to be received in London by radio from Moscow after the official announcement that Russia had won the race to put a man into space. The 4½-ton vehicle made one orbit of the earth, on a journey which lasted 108 minutes and which took Major Gagarin over 180 miles out from the earth. It appeared from Russian reports that Major Gagarin was in two-way communication with the earth throughout his journey and that he was able to leave the spaceship unaided when it landed. Major Gagarin said he felt fine during the period of weightlessness in orbit. After a long physical examination, he returned to Moscow last weekend. The capital was *en fête* to give him a hero's welcome. At Moscow Airport, he was greeted effusively by Mr. Khrushchev and other Russian Leaders. Wildly enthusiastic crowds cheered Major Gagarin and Mr. Khrushchev as they drove the 17 miles to Red Square. (See pages 120 and 121)

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NEWS SUMMARY

Busy days at international conferences; Britain receives Russia's reply on Laos; bombs on Cuba; crisis grows in Angola; elections in Poland

INTERNATIONAL

In its debate on Congo, the United Nations General Assembly last week in **New York** passed another resolution calling for the withdrawal of Belgians and other foreigners in the various Congolese forces. Motions urging sanctions against Belgium and the recall of the Congolese Parliament were defeated. Two new commissions were set up, one " to assist the Congolese leaders to achieve reconciliation " and the other to investigate the circumstances of the death of Mr. Lumumba. Before the debate, the British Government announced in **London** that all British subjects must withdraw at once from the Congolese forces or their passports would be invalidated. Last Monday it was reported that some Britons were held captive by U.N. units in Katanga.

In **Paris** the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation was due to meet on Tuesday (April 18). O.E.C.C. was founded during the Marshal Plan period. Now that the plan has fulfilled its function as far as Western Europe is concerned, O.E.C.C. is to be succeeded by a new body, the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (O.E.C.D.). It will come into being later this year and in particular will be concerned with aid to under-developed countries.

Eighty-one nations, including Britain, adopted a " Convention on Diplomatic Privileges," at a conference in **Vienna** last week-end. The Convention, when ratified by the signatories, will be the first international codification of diplomatic privileges and immunities. Hitherto custom has largely regulated diplomatic relations between states.

The International Air Transport Association opened six days of meetings in **Montreal** last Monday. About 500 delegates were present, representing international organisations, governments, air lines, aircraft manufacturers and research centres. Much time was expected to be given to the problems raised as an increasing number of airlines begin to use supersonic aircraft.

GREAT BRITAIN

The House of Commons is devoting the bulk of this week to the debate on the Budget but it was expected some time might be found for discussion on Russia's reply to the British note on Laos. This was received at the Foreign Office on the morning of Budget Day (last Monday). No details were released immediately. (Britain proposed to Moscow a three-point plan for ending the fighting in Laos: (1) An immediate cease-fire; (2) Return of the international control commission—Canada, India, Poland—to report that the cease-fire is being observed; (3) Convening of a fourteen-nation conference to work out guarantees against a repetition of crises in Laos in the future.)

In the County Council elections Labour held the London County Council. At the beginning of this week, with only a very small number of results still to be announced, the Conservatives had gained control from Labour of three County Councils — Lancashire, Middlesex and Essex.

There were further incidents in a number of prisons in Britain last week. At Wandsworth, Brixton, Shrewsbury and Maidstone, groups of men either refused to work or to eat their meals. Overcrowding and lack of prison staff were generally thought to be the causes of the trouble. The Prison Commissioners were to meet representatives of the Prison Officers Association on Tuesday.

CUBA

The tensions of Dr. Castro's two-year rule of Cuba again became evident last week-end. Three B.26 light bombers attacked three of the island's military air bases, causing damage to aircraft and ground installations. Two of the aircraft which took part in the attack later landed in the U.S., one at Miami and the other at Key West, in Florida. After landing, one pilot said that the attack had been carried out by Cuban pilots defecting from the Cuban Air Force. Dr. Castro mobilised his armed forces after the attack and accused the U.S. of being directly responsible for the bombing, which he said was the prelude to invasion. These charges were categorically denied by the U.S.

There are about 50,000 Cuban refugees in the U.S., mostly in Florida. The anti-Castro movement is led by the Cuban National Revolutionary Council, which meets in New York and is headed by Dr. Miro Cardona. Its policy has been to foster a revolt inside Cuba against Dr. Castro. In addition, there are military movements opposing the Cuban regime in various parts of Latin America, mainly in Guatemala. These number about 5,000 men.

Leaders of the Angola Nationalist Movement, the Union des Populations de l'Angola, hold a Press conference in Leopoldville, Congo. The U.P.A. has gained strength in recent months as the unofficial Angola opposition party

ANGOLA

In the face of a mounting wave of terrorism in the Portuguese Overseas Province, Dr. Salazar, the Prime Minister of Portugal, made several changes in his Government and took over the Defence Ministry. Dr. Salazar has direct control of defence measures being taken in Angola. Last Sunday an airlift of troops from **Lisbon** to **Luanda** began. The soldiers were the first of reinforcements expected to total about 25,000. (Portuguese troops in Angola before last weekend numbered 7,000.) According to the Portuguese News Agency, *Lusitania*, the terrorism is the work of Africans trained in guerilla warfare in the Congo and armed with modern weapons. In an attack last week thirteen Europeans, including a woman and a child, were reported killed in the village of **Ucua**, 100 miles from Luanda.

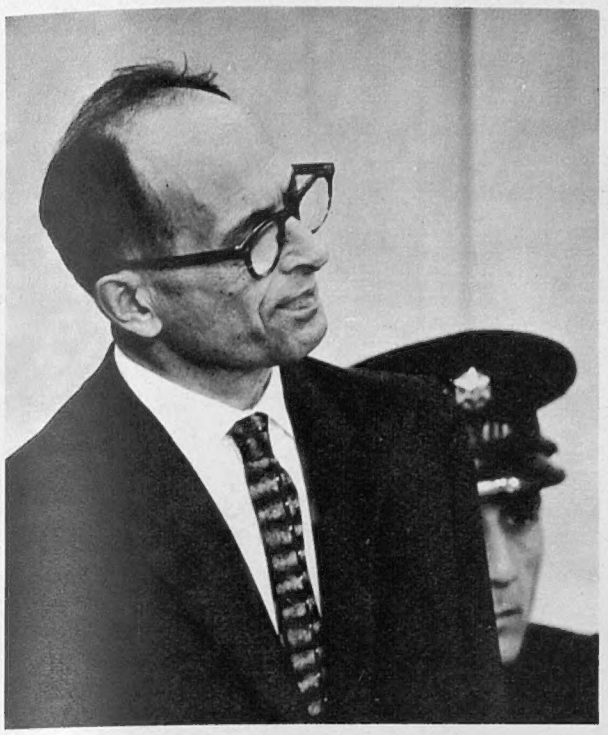
The first disturbances in Angola were reported in January a few days after the seizure of the liner *Santa Maria* by opponents of Dr. Salazar's Government. Since then attacks on the regime, both inside and outside Portugal, have increased in intensity. A key figure in the opposition to Dr. Salazar is General Humberto Delgado, who was defeated in the 1958 Portuguese Presidential elections and has since been in exile in Brazil. Some reports from Lisbon indicated that last week's Cabinet changes were made by Dr. Salazar to silence General Julio Botelho Moniz, the outgoing Defence Minister. He was reputed to have demanded changes in domestic and foreign policy.

POLAND

The elections for a new Polish Parliament (Seym) took place last Sunday. The outcome was a foregone conclusion for Mr. Gomulka and his Communist regime since the voting was on the single list of the Communist-dominated National Unity Front. However, the 616 candidates for the 460 seats did include sixty-nine " independents." (The last elections were in 1957, a few months after the uprising which brought Mr. Gomulka back to power.)

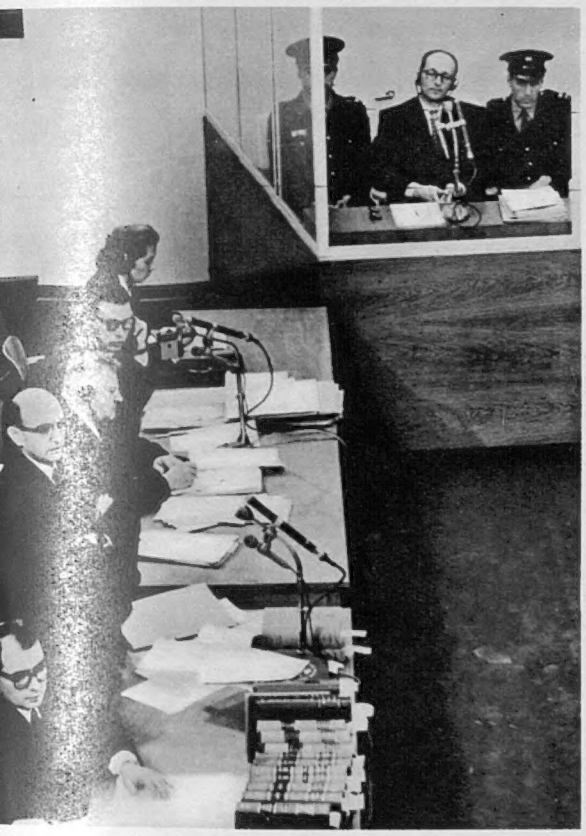
SIERRA LEONE

On April 27, Sierra Leone becomes the latest fully independent member of the Commonwealth. The next issue of *The Sphere*, on sale on April 27, will mark this occasion with exclusive messages in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " from Mr. Macmillan and Sir Milton Margai, the Prime Minister of Sierra Leone. On other pages there will be pictures and articles by Professor D. T. Jack, one of the leading experts on Africa, and by *The Sphere* Industrial Correspondent.

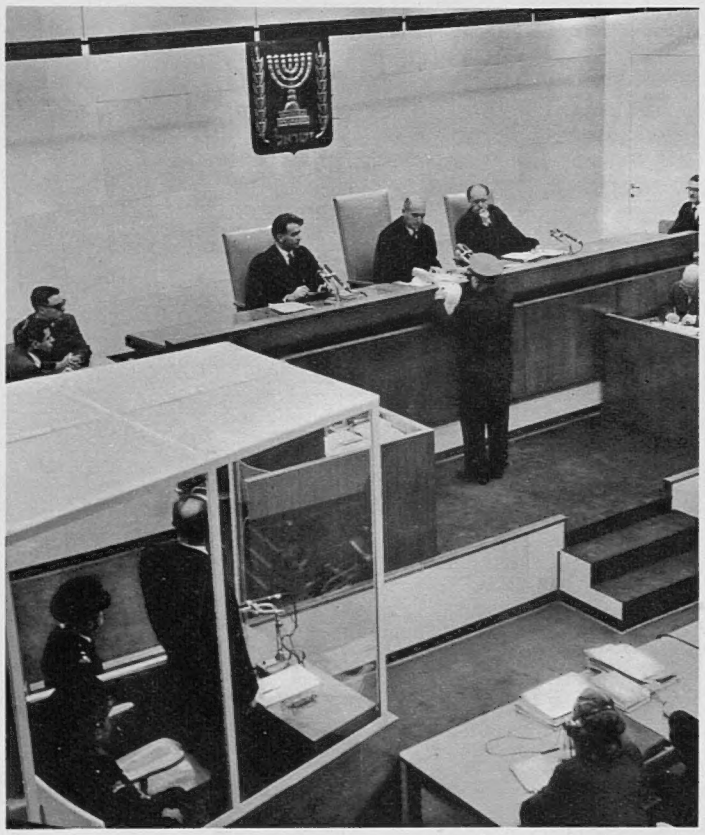


ADOLF EICHMANN HEARS THE CHARGES AGAINST HIM

"THE MAN IN THE GLASS CAGE." EICHMANN IN THE BULLET-PROOF DOCK IN JERUSALEM



DR. GIDEON HAUSNER (SECOND FROM FRONT) AND DR. ROBERT SERVATIUS (BEHIND HIM)



AN EXHIBIT IS HANDED TO THE JUDGES, WHO ARE, FROM LEFT: JUDGE HALEVY; JUDGE LANDAU, PRESIDENT; AND JUDGE RAVEH

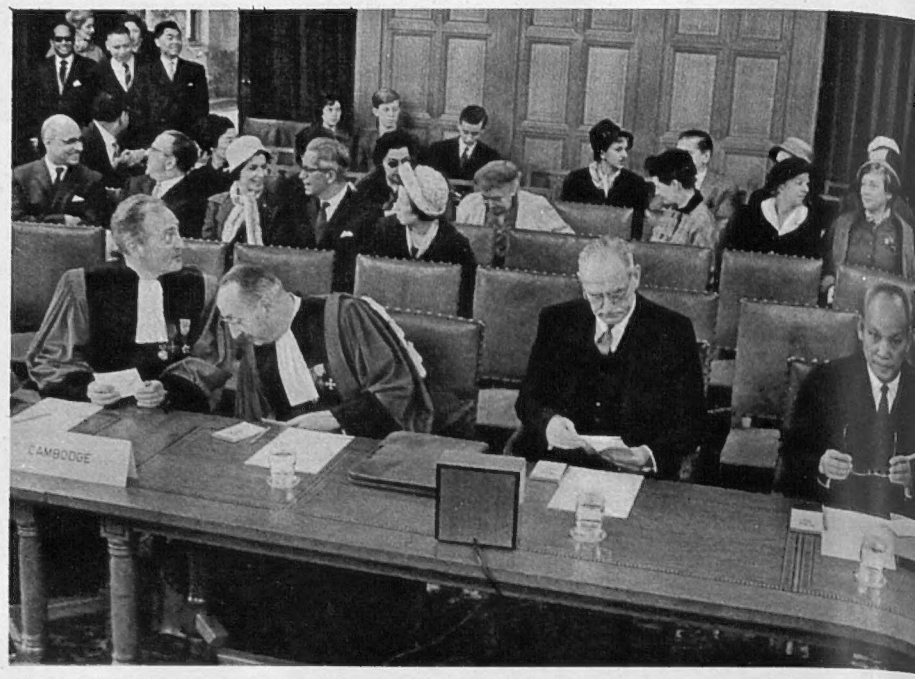
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

As was expected, the opening days of the trial of Adolf Eichmann in Jerusalem were given up to legal arguments regarding the competence of the special court set up to try him. Eichmann, who was captured in a sensational manner in the Argentine and taken to Israel, faces charges of responsibility for Hitler's "Final Solution," that is the mass slaughter of several million Jews; of "crimes against humanity" and of "membership in a hostile Nazi organisation." In all, he heard fifteen counts read against him as he stood in his bullet-proof dock on the first day. Dr. Servatius, of West Germany, his chief defence counsel, and Dr. Gideon Hausner, Israel's Attorney-General, who leads the prosecution, engaged in numerous verbal clashes. The President of the Court, Judge Landau, last Monday ruled that he and his two colleagues were competent to hear the case

ISRAELIS LISTEN TO A BROADCAST OF THE PROCEEDINGS

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT IN SESSION

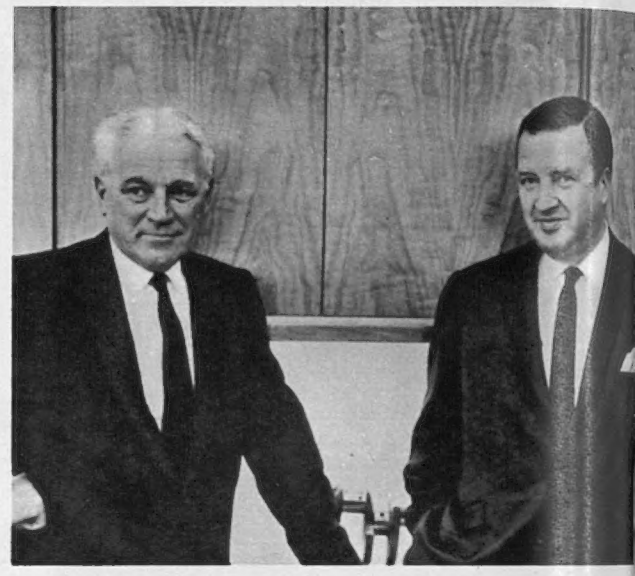
COUNSEL FOR THAILAND AT THE INTERNATIONAL COURT



PRESENTING CAMBODIA'S CASE AT THE HAGUE

Above: During the hearing of a case between Thailand and Cambodia over the guardianship of a temple on their border, the Thai Ambassador at The Hague is at the left of the Thailand table. With him are Sir Frank Soskice, M.P., former British Attorney-General; Seni Premoj of the Thai bar, and Mr. J. N. Hyde, a New York Attorney. **Above right:** Cambodia's counsel are, from left: M.M. Paul Reuter and Roger Pinto, both from France, and Mr. Dean Acheson, the former Secretary of State in the U.S. Truong-Cang, the Cambodian Minister of Finance, is at right

THE FEDERATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRIES NEW PRESIDENT



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF FORDS

Right: Sir William McFadzean (right), retiring President of the Federation of British Industries, shakes hands with his successor Mr. Cyril Harrison, after the annual general meeting of the Federation in London. Mr. Harrison, who has been connected with the Lancashire cotton industry for over forty years, will be President of the Federation for the next two years

Above right: Mr. John Dykstra (left) stands with Mr. Henry Ford II in Detroit. Mr. Dykstra, a Vice-President of the Ford Motor Company, was last week appointed President in the place of Mr. Robert McNamara, who resigned the post on becoming U.S. Secretary of Defence earlier this year. Mr. Henry Ford II, who is the Chairman and Chief Executive, acted as the President during the interim period

STATE VISIT TO PERU

President Gronchi of Italy and President Prado y Ugarteche of Peru are showered with petals as they drive through the streets of Lima. Signor Gronchi had just arrived at Lima Callao airport for a State visit to return the visit made by Senor Prado to Italy last year. Signora Gronchi was accompanying him and during their three days in Peru they were welcomed by many Italians working in the capital. From Lima, President and Signora Gronchi were to go to the Argentine and Brazil

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The recently-appointed U.K. High Commissioner in Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Lord Alport, is with his wife and three children, at Waterloo Station, London. They left for Southampton to embark on the *Pretoria Castle*. Lord Alport returned to Britain from the Federation last month for talks with the Government and to take his family to Rhodesia

LORD ALPORT AND HIS FAMILY LEAVE FOR RHODESIA

Far right: Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, with his wife and son, waves to other members of his family as he leaves his home in London on his way to the House of Commons. The Government motion, noting Mr. Benn had succeeded to the Viscountcy of Stansgate and had ceased, therefore, to be a member of the Commons and agreeing with the report of the Committee of Privileges, was carried by 204 votes to 126. A motion to allow Mr. Benn to speak in the House of Commons defending his wish to renounce his Peerage was lost

A RELUCTANT PEER AND HIS FAMILY

The former Middlesex and England cricketer Denis Compton prepares to drive during a cricket match on the boat deck of the Royal Mail Lines *Andes*, cruising in the Mediterranean. He scored 29 and captained a passengers' team in a match against a ship's officers team

DENIS COMPTON PLAYS CRICKET AT SEA

Far right: Tom Graveney, the England and former Gloucestershire batsman, pads-up before net practice at the Worcestershire County Cricket Club's ground at Worcester. From left are Bob Broadbent, Dick Richardson and Roy Booth. The M.C.C.'s registration committee recently refused to allow Graveney special registration to play for Worcestershire in championship matches this year

TOM GRAVENEY AT WORCESTER

TELECOMMUNICATIONS CENTRE FOR LONDON

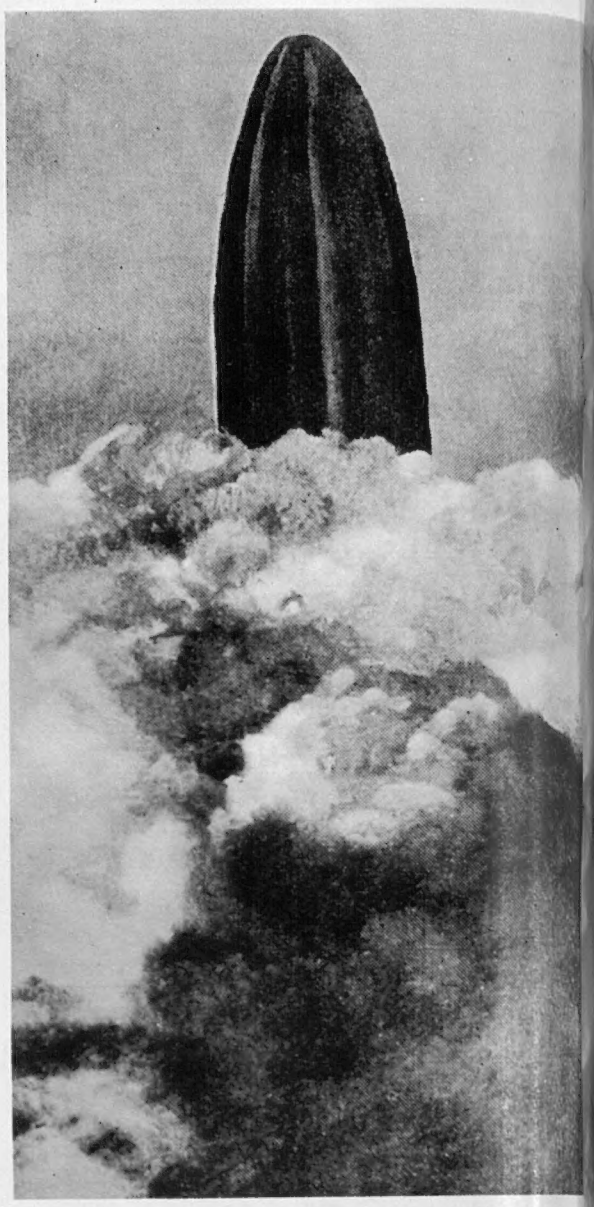
The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen, examines a mural at the new Post Office telecommunications centre in the City of London. He is flanked by the artist who executed the mural, Miss Dorothy Annan (left), and the Postmaster-General, Mr. R. Bevins. Sir Bernard opened the centre last week. It houses London's automatic Telex exchange and has space for two new automatic exchanges, each capable of carrying 10,000 lines. At the ceremony Mr. Bevins referred to the new Post Office service, known as Grace, the telephone Group Rating and Charging Equipment. This system allows subscribers to dial their own trunk calls. Under it, it is possible, for instance, to dial Edinburgh from London and to speak for 12 seconds during peak hours for 2d.

"COSMONAUT"

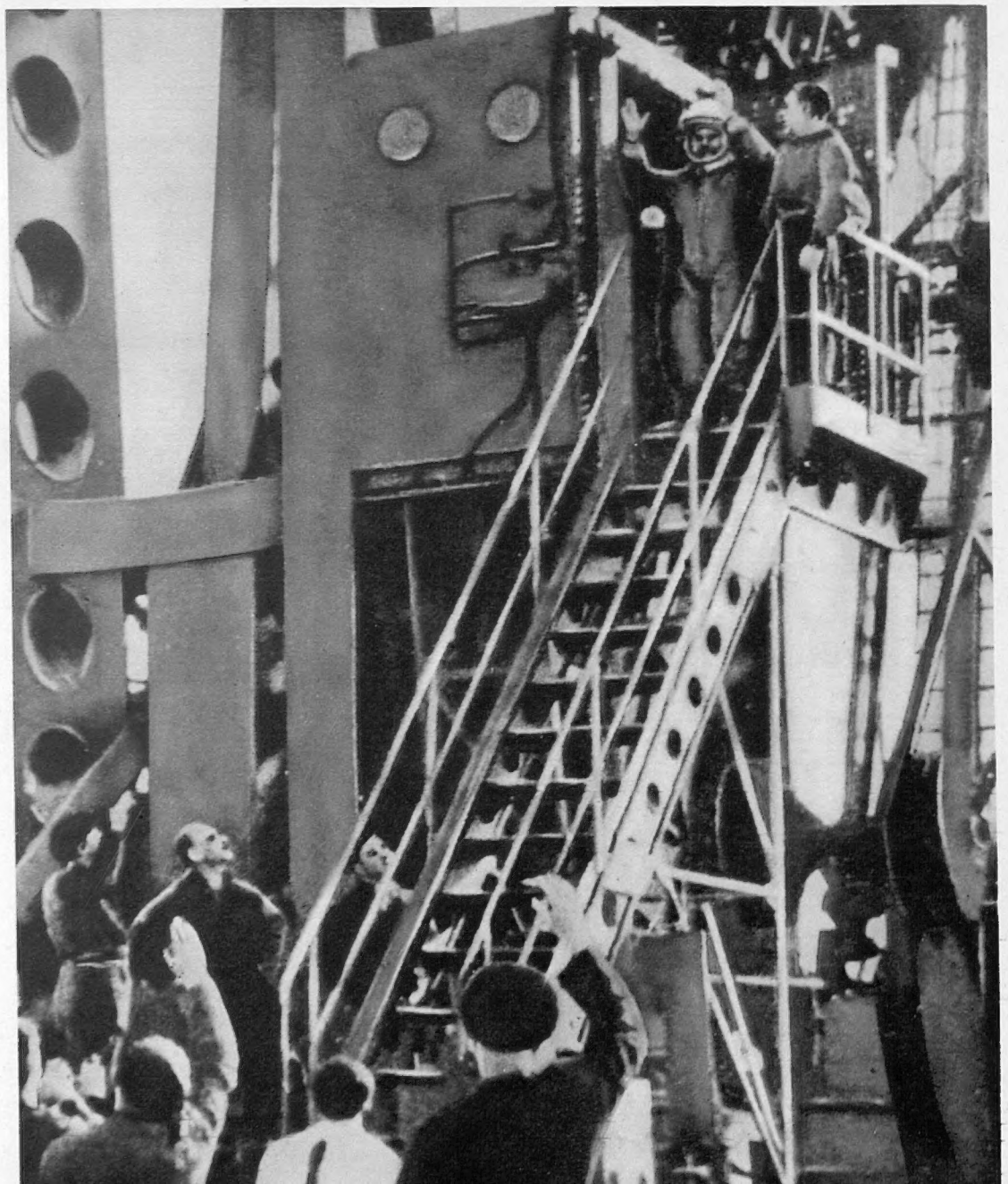
Major Yuri Gagarin in his space-suit before his flight

Moscow celebrated the Russian triumph of putting the first man into space with night and day celebrations rivalling those at the end of the Second World War. Major Gagarin was feted and honoured at the airport, at the huge parade in Red Square, and at a lavish official reception. He has been given Russia's highest honours—the title of Hero of the Soviet Union, the Order of Lenin, and the new title Pilot Cosmonaut of the Soviet Union. The scenes of his arrival at Moscow Airport and his Press conference were seen in Britain on television. Among those who were with Major Gagarin were his wife, and his mother and father. They come from the little country town of Gzatsk, about 100 miles south-west of Moscow.

After the confusion and exuberance of the hero's welcome, there was still little technical information about his orbit of the earth. At his Moscow Press conference, Major Gagarin skilfully avoided some questions and was vague in reply to others. The most important fact of his journey was the verification that man can withstand a short period of weightlessness without acute physical discomfort. Major Gagarin stated that he was able to work and write and to take specially prepared food. He described how the earth looked when seen from a slit in his space-ship at a height of over 150 miles. The horizon was surrounded by a light blue halo which merged through ultramarine and violet into the deep black of the sky. The stars shone very brightly out of this deep blackness.



The mammoth rocket rises from its launching pad



Major Gagarin, holding huge bouquets of flowers, is welcom

Left: Major Gagarin, at the top of the metal staircase, waves goodbye before entering the space-ship, Vostok

Watching the celebratory parade in Red Square, Moscow, are from left, Mr. D. S. Polyansky, Prime Minister of Federal Russia; Mr. Yu Tsedenbal, Prime Minister of Mongolia; Ex-President Voroshilov; Major Yuri Gagarin; Mr. Khrushchev; Mr. Frol Kozlov, a Deputy Premier; and President Brezhnev

Right: At Moscow Airport are Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Gagarin; Major Gagarin; Mrs. Khrushchev; and Mr. A. I. Mikoyan, a Soviet Deputy Premier

Mr. Khrushchev at Moscow Airport

Right: Major Gagarin, in the Russian manner, joins in applause after speaking at the news conference

JOHN CONNELL

DIPLOMACY, THE PROTEAN ART

It has not, I suspect, escaped notice that when I wish to consult the oracles of my calling, or to refresh myself in the deep wells of wisdom contained in our ancient, sacred writings, I recur almost invariably to a book called *Peacemaking 1919*, by Sir Harold Nicolson. I have long held that nobody ought to consider himself capable of uttering a word, on the air or in print, about international relations in this century, who has not steeped himself in this remarkable book. It is therefore with delight that I discover that Mr. James Reston, of the *New York Times*, has a similar compulsive addiction. He too hies himself to the unfailing fountain, to be rewarded with some lapidary observations to sustain and illuminate an argument.

He did it in the course of an early but highly effective commentary on the Kennedy-Macmillan discussions in Washington, at the beginning of April, whose effects are still reverberating round the world. Having pointed out that a considerable part of those conversations had been devoted to chirpy triviality, and to establishing what he described witheringly as " friendly relations," and having admitted that it has been an agreeable conference, Mr. Reston remarked that " as Mr. Macmillan's old colleague, Harold Nicolson, once observed, diplomacy is a disagreeable business." He went on to quote one of *cher maître's* most urbane and most relentlessly penetrative *obiter dicta*: " It would be interesting to analyse how many false decisions, how many fatal misunderstandings have arisen from such pleasant qualities as shyness, consideration, affability or ordinary good manners."

Add diverse but by no means irrelevant factors such as a quarter of a century's difference in age, distant connection by marriage, a shared intellectual approach to basic political issues, and the subtle difficulties created by a " common language " which is not, in reality, common at all, so that almost every abstract noun in American-English differs profoundly, if narrowly, in meaning from the same word in English-English—and, I concede, there is almost every chance of building up a relationship clogged from the outset by a complicated, oozy mixture of misunderstanding and prejudice, all the more corrosive because unadmitted.

Mr. Reston's application of caustic Scottish common sense was therefore salutary if more than a little shocking. He devoted a good deal of effort to a ruthless analysis of the currently very fashionable, and flatulent, cliché of relations within the Atlantic Alliance, " interdependence," and announced his belief that neither the President nor the Prime Minister, though both used the word freely, was in a mood to face the domestic political consequences of what the term means. This is the kind of sharp, cold douche of realism which evokes yelps of anguish in the entourages of perambulating statesmen. In extreme cases (and Mr. Reston's, I fancy, was an extreme case), there is apt to be a hurried call from the private office: " I say, chum, my master really was put about. I 've managed to calm him down for the moment, but he 's out for blood. . . perhaps if you 'd look in, we could smooth out some misunderstandings . . . of course, he 's terribly booked up, but I 'll just have the briefest peep at the diary. . . ." If there is no response to these pretty allurements, then in due course one of the more amenable lapdogs utters the appropriate squeak about " unwarranted and baseless speculation."

Mr. Macmillan and President Kennedy talk informally in Washington

There is no doubt in my mind that on this occasion Mr. Reston, who has an uncommon talent for uttering uncomfortable truths in the most disarming manner, put pussy well and truly among the chickens. " Interdependence," after all, has been one of the henyard's most reliable and most favoured White Wyandottes for months past. This quarter's *International Affairs*, indeed, reproduces the text of a speech which Lord Home delivered at the Drapers' Hall in December, which has the inspiring title, " Interdependence: the British role," and ends with a superbly triumphant " coo-what-a-lovely-big-egg-I 've-laid " peroration: " I have spoken to-day of the absolute need to merge our effort with those countries that share our belief in the western way of life and in particular with Europe, the Commonwealth, and with the United States of America, where the power resides. There is no chance of surviving alone. The only hope of survival is in interdependence. In working for interdependence we shall grasp the opportunities with both hands, because it is only in that way that we shall come through this supreme challenge unscathed."

It was therefore very unkind and very naughty of Mr. Reston to blow the gaff on this interdependence guff with these brutal words, which were in print in New York while Mr. Macmillan was still in Washington: " Macmillan has ended the military draft in the United Kingdom; he has abandoned the effort to produce the Blue Streak Missile; he has done virtually nothing to oppose the rising pacifism in Britain—so reminiscent of the ' peace ballot ' psychology of the '30's—and he has opposed the movement in Europe towards economic and political unity."

This biting little paragraph is packed with prejudice, but it is no good kidding ourselves that it does not represent the opinion at present held by the average informed American, who habitually fails to see us in the glowingly noble light in which we see ourselves. British greatness and heroism (as that extraordinarily revealing and disquieting television serial, composed of extracts from Sir Winston Churchill's *War Memoirs*, and entitled *The Valiant Years*, has emphasised) are all very well if they are tucked in a distant, sentimentally glamorous past, and are seen as rescued in the nick of time by American generosity and enterprise. Suggest that we *might*—put it no higher—still possess those qualities, and still go on living with or without American support or supervision, and you get a very chilly reception. You are being exasperating in your refusal to co-operate with the boss's ideas on how the Atlantic Alliance should be run. As I have argued in earlier dissertations on this theme, on this page, the Kennedy Administration accepts and enjoys the responsibilities of leadership in the Alliance; and if that implies being pretty beastly to Britain, Britain can—and must—take it.

Mr. Reston was quite accurately interpreting the temper and outlook of the Administration, however blurred their realities had been by good manners and those other factors enumerated by the sage of Sissinghurst. Mr. Macmillan, it has been widely hinted, was angered and hurt by Mr. Reston's comments; and when Mr. Macmillan is angered and hurt, the fur—someone else's—is apt to fly. I too have pored anew over the venerated Nicolson text; and I come up with this deep-rooted truth: " Of all branches of human endeavour diplomacy is the most protean . . . always there is some element which escapes reality, always there is some aspect which refuses to be recorded or defined."

This protean quality has seldom been more startlingly illustrated than in the closing stages of Mr. Macmillan's American visit. He was due to deliver a speech at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There was a sudden preliminary build-up of notable vigour; the speech, it was prophesied, would be a major policy statement; there were murmured references to the august precedent of Fulton. Its principal purpose, said the uncharitable, could only be to get the international limelight where, in Mr. Macmillan's opinion, it perpetually and rightly belongs.

Though in the outcome the M.I.T. audience were not treated to the earth-shaking experience granted to the good people of Fulton in 1946, it was by any ordinary standards an excellent speech. Lord Home may or may not have been a little surprised (after all, what are modern Foreign Secretaries for, if not to be told when enough is enough?), but interdependence received its quietus as the sacred cow of Atlantic Alliance high-level diplomacy. Its successor was ushered in to a blare of trumpets. It is unity. " Interdependence," said the Prime Minister, " is not enough. We need unity: a wider unity transcending national barriers; unity of purpose, of method, of organisation. . . . History does not stand still. Unless we work for greater unity, we shall slide into disaster. The time is short. Let there be no delay."

Was this merely an instinctive, impassioned response to Mr. Reston's attack, and to the official mood in Washington which Mr. Reston reflected? Or was it an expression of some more profound, far more consequential experience? I am obsessed by the protean nature of diplomacy, ruefully realising that I strive to catch the uncatchable. What lay behind these eloquent phrases, which (by their very nature) refused to be recorded or defined? In posing that question lies all the fascination of the historian's—or the commentator's—task; though we do not discover the answer, we reach out to the heart of the mystery.

At a Press conference in the Elysée, attended by French Cabinet Ministers and 700 journalists, President de Gaulle gestures energetically during a speech lasting nearly one and a half hours. His remarks were mainly devoted to a long commentary on Algeria, with particular reference to the hold up in the Evian talks and the aims of his policy towards Algeria. He also briefly discussed the Western Alliance and President Kennedy's forthcoming visit to Paris, the " disunity " of the United Nations, and France's right to hold nuclear tests. General de Gaulle later left Paris on a long tour of speeches in south-west France. Comment in the French capital on the President's conference underlined those ambiguities of expression without which no speech by the President would be complete. He reaffirmed that he would regard Algeria's secession with *sang-froid*, but was guarded about the possible future of Algerian Europeans. General de Gaulle gave some indication that French Nationals would, if they wished, be shipped back from Algeria to France. There were also hints that partition of Algeria might be considered

PRESIDENTIAL GESTURE

Part of the north wall of Farnham Castle in Surrey, the former home of the Bishops of Winchester and of Guildford. The castle has been leased to the Oversea Service, as a training centre for their students

The South front of Farnham Castle with much of the original twelfth-centur co non-profit making organisation running courses for people going to wor ab

A London Newsletter

13-15, John Adam Street, W.C.2

"ONE IMAGE OF BRITAIN." The British Travel Association has been taken to task for the "one-sided" character of its advertising Britain as a tourist attraction, which gives foreign tourists a wrong idea of us. There is, critics say, too much adherence to tradition and to "olde-worlde" museumisation. They say that Beef-eaters, thatched cottages and pearly kings play a relatively small part in our lives today. In defence of the B.T.A., these features are among the very first things which Americans come over here to find and observe if they can. They are familiar in their own country with motor-car parks, traffic blocks and streams of workers clocking-out from dingy factories along sordid streets. And if it comes to that, even realistic modern types of Britons are by no means bored with "Beef-eaters, and all that," the progresses of Garter-knights, the glitter of the Household Brigade ceremonial troop and the Royal processions which still periodically further disturb the flow of traffic through London. These features are not to be found in New York, and there is a good deal of plain common sense in an advertisement appropriation devoted to advertising goods and services likely to be valued by the public towards whom propaganda is directed. It would be waste of money, surely, to feature in tourism-advertisement Clapham Junction on a wet November day, or the barbed-wire enclosures round nuclear power stations, or scrap dumps at Slough or at Auburn, "loveliest village of the plain," or Wormwood Scrubs or Whitechapel on a foggy night. After all, tourists go abroad for recreation and to see something new and colourful. And even the native enjoys any experience which takes him away from his ordinary drab environment. Of course there is a risk that the tourist may be disappointed by the Beef-eaters and the appearance of the Garter-knights on parade. But it is a risk worth taking since the whole object of advertising Britain is to improve box-office and I can't see that our relations with the U.S.A. would be any better if we were to advertise the truth, or the normal.

"HUMAN RELATIONS IN OBSTETRICS." If Mr. Powell's suggestion to maternity hospitals bears fruit, expectant mothers and mothers newly delivered in these places may receive kinder treatment from the staffs in many of them. It seems odd to me that the notion of being kind to expectant mothers should require official recommendation to maternity hospital staffs, or that a "new deal" for young mothers is deemed necessary. But the idea that the welfare state looks after you from the cradle to the grave is not very attractive unless that state service is sympathetic. If it be a grudging, impersonal, bumble-like service, we pay too high a price for it. Of course, the hospitals are overcrowded and many of them understaffed or badly staffed, but the little I have seen of the best of them convinces me that a lot of improvement is necessary before hospital confinement can become as sympathetic as home confinement. Some young mothers having once experienced hospital confinement have said "Never again if I can help it." If any professions can be called vocations, the medical and nursing professions must be high up among them, and it is astonishingly difficult for me to believe that people in those professions who have risen to responsible posts as doctors, surgeons, matrons and ward sisters can possibly, in their relations with young or expectant mothers facing a great and anxious experience, pursue their vocation without the utmost human sympathy, or fail to do every-

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nstruction still visible. The Oversea Service, a road, will move in after the castle has been renovated

Part of Sir Jacob Epstein's last work is erected outside Bowater House, Knightsbridge, at the entrance to Hyde Park. The sculpture, a gift to the nation by Mr. Herbert Samuel, consists of five figures

thing possible to comfort, to hearten, to relieve explanation the anxieties of their patients. t so it is. Often enough the nearest approach human sympathy may come from the foreign aid who dusts the wards and corridors and y be given the duty of bringing in a tardy up of tea. Of course these things are to be nd only in black spots. But it seems there enough of them to justify a tactful " direc- " from Mr. Powell. Latterly the old folk delinquent youth have been receiving the 's share of such human sympathy as exists our welfare state. It is perhaps time to llot some of it to the young mothers of our ace.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD. Money talks. It does more, it shouts. It seems to be the only topic of conversation and debate that is clearly heard in our affluent society's vulgar, noisy cocktail party. What a lot of the industrial and social problems which bedevil our lives would be solved if a dictator could be found (temporary, of course, and *ad hoc* only) to suspend democratic government and enforce the parable of the labourers in the vineyard. He would fix a ceiling salary—the modern equivalent of a penny a day—which he judged would afford, in terms of our money, freedom from want and give adequate dignity and comfort to those holding the chief responsibility in all our important professions and callings—say £3,000 a year net. The Premier would get it, the Primate, Lord Chancellor, the doctors, parsons and head teachers, the big chiefs in industry and finance, the wizards of the National Boards. You and I whose callings might be judged of less importance to the nation would continue to struggle along on a lower grade of income, but we should do so more cheerfully and far less enviously. But (you say) this simple, childish notion would result in stagnation. " The best brains in the country " would not be tempted to give their services to the nation. They would sulk in their tents. Don't you believe it. With the intolerable competition for dirty money removed, then ambition would fall back on nobler and more lasting rewards, a niche in history and the satisfaction gained from duty well done, and known to be done by themselves and by those they served. To take a purely cynical view, their sacrifice of dirty money could be compensated in stepped-up honours and rewards. I used to think that that was the object of the half-yearly honours lists which cover several columns of print twice a year. It would be economical to revive dukedoms for the big tycoons. Big money is not the only way—even in the present day—to convince your contemporaries that you stand head and shoulders above them.

THREE THOUSAND MILLION. Every year the population of our little globe, which we absurdly continue to call the world, increases by about the present population of Great Britain, and before the end of this year, it will have topped the 3,000,000,000 mark, according to a U.N. forecast. Almost all the nations contribute something to this mighty total, though, of course, the British share is very trivial. Still we do our best to maintain our ratio by other means than those called " natural." We are importing this year, for example, 10,000 more West Indians, all of them hoping for work and/or welfare benefits. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the extension of the average life span—at any rate on paper. There are one or two snags, of course. The very high cost of caring for the aged brings with it a reduction in " comforts " all round. Again, as the world population increases, the cities tend to revert to slums, with all the incentives to evil-doing which overcrowding brings; for the surplus populations dislike the country and make for the towns, which, of course, are not really paved with gold. The U.N. report ends on a sombre note: " The additional years which modern society can bestow are unhappy ones." Some time back " the psalmist " made some such observation, with labour and sorrow, if not boiling oil, in it. But the psalmist was concerned only with the " over-seventies." Modern science and society in the Space Age which since last week has definitely arrived, have not yet bestowed on us " additional years " sufficient to bring the average life-span up to seventy, or anywhere near seventy. Our labour and sorrow begin in the sixties or earlier.

PSYCHIATRIST PARADISE. It seems that there is today in Washington, U.S.A., one busy and prosperous psychiatrist to every 3,800 persons (whereas in Alabama, there is but 1·4 psychiatrist to look after every 100,000). Now Washington has long held the world record for embracing new ideas for perfect health, from such simple remedies as " the juice of seven lemons " constantly repeated, to regular weekly or monthly check-ups in the most up-to-date clinics. And in our slower, unambitious way, it is our custom over here to follow slavishly the fashions set by the U.S.A. In this fashion for psychiatry as the cure for all ills and the explanation of all evil-doing, we are nowhere approaching Washington's record. We are probably no more advanced than Alabama. All the same, the impact of psychiatrists on our social life, and not least in our courts of Justice, has been very remarkable of late years. And if their voices and advice are accorded as much authority in Washington as in London (and I expect they are accorded a good deal more), then indeed the population of Washington must be pretty well free of all those ridiculous Victorian notions of self-determination and of personal responsibility for keeping healthy in mind and body. For their personal psychiatrist will be able to comfort them and " save them harmless " from any sense of remorse or guilt if they should commit any excesses whether in drink or crime leading to trouble with their health or with the judicature. A " complex " will be found, buried far back in their infancy, and quite beyond their power to avert, which will not only account for their " trouble " but excuse them from the consequences of their lapses. Washington must indeed be a paradise alike for psychiatrists and for their clientèles.

The Old Stager

ENTERTAINMENT

In a scene from Anouilh's comedy are, from left, Damiens (Preston Lockwood); the Count (Robert Hardy); Villebosse (Jeremy Burnham); Lucile (Maggie Smith); the Countess (Phyllis Calvert); Hero (Alan Badel); and Hortensia (Diana Churchill). The photograph was taken from the stage of the Bristol Old Vic Theatre looking towards the auditorium

THE REHEARSAL

at the Globe Theatre

Jean Anouilh's comedy of corruption in an aristocratic French chateau has reached London by way of a special production by the Bristol Old Vic and a new translation by Pamela Hansford-Johnson and Kitty Black. The plot concerns a present-day Count who is staging an eighteenth-century comedy for his guests at a party. Acting in this play-within-a-play are the Count's wife, mistress, and life-long friend, and an innocent young nursemaid. Their rehearsals and their jealousies and intrigues are woven together. Eighteenth-century gallantry and style are wittily used to point the decadent idleness of the life in the chateau.

The Countess plots with Hortensia

Lucile is overcome by Hero's story of his lost love

Ophelia (Geraldine McEwan) and Hamlet (Ian Bannen) in

Hamlet bids his mother (Elizabeth Sellars) remembe

cene from the production at Stratford-upon-Avon

hat her first husband looked like

In a scene from *Much Ado About Nothing* are, from left, Don Pedro (Noel Willman); Hero (Jill Dixon); Claudio (Barry Warren); Benedick (Christopher Plummer); and Beatrice (Geraldine McEwan)

STRATFORD SEASON

Under its proud new title of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon opened its 102nd season with *Much Ado About Nothing*—an appropriate choice since this comedy was the one which opened the very first season in 1879. Under Peter Hall's direction, the company is working concurrently in Stratford and in London, at the Aldwych. Playing the leading roles in Shakespeare's witty comedy of the ill manners of love are a young Canadian actor, Christopher Plummer, as Benedick, and Geraldine McEwan as Beatrice. The play has been set by the director, Michael Langham, in the period of Jane Austen. *Much Ado* was followed into repertory by a new production of *Hamlet* by Peter Wood. In the main role is another young actor, Ian Bannen, who acted small parts at Stratford several seasons ago and then made a considerable reputation in modern plays. He and the director have decided on an interpretation of this most complex of Shakespeare's heroes which sees him as the last survivor of a ruling dynasty that has become degenerate. Ian Bannen's Dane is a Dane moodier than most. Since he feels himself infected with the ills of the court, he is overcome by a paralysing inability to set right the corruption. Others in the cast include Noel Willman as Claudius, Elizabeth Sellars as Gertrude, and Geraldine McEwan as Ophelia. Both the plays met a mixed reception from the critics—it is evident that the much publicised revolution in verse-speaking under Peter Hall's aegis is still continuing to evoke dissension.

Benedick and Beatrice at the masked dance. **Right:** Verges (Clifford Rose) and Dogberry (Newton Blick)

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

Lord De Lisle, V.C., Governor-General designate of Australia, and Lady De Lisle with four of their five children: Philip, Mrs. Elizabeth Colhurst, Lucy and Anne. The photograph was taken in the grounds of their home, Penshurst Place, near Tonbridge, in Kent

AUSTRALIA

If versatility is the hallmark of a successful Governor-General, few who have held the post in Australia could excel the Governor-General designate, Viscount De L'Isle, V.C., whose appointment was announced last week. Lord De L'Isle regards himself first as a businessman, which should appeal in a country which is rapidly expanding in factories and industries. He is also a farmer and sheep-breeder, and wool is still Australia's largest single export. He has interests in aviation and the arts and a wide political experience. His record as a soldier places him in that most select of all groups, those who wear the Commonwealth's highest award for valour, the Victoria Cross. He will be Governor-General of a country which has won ninety-two V.C.s—six in the Boer War; sixty-six in World War I, and twenty in World War II.

William Philip Sidney is a descendant of Sir Philip Sidney, who is immortalised in history for his chivalry while dying on the battlefield of Zutphen in 1586. He was born on May 23, 1909, and educated at Eton and Magdalene College, Cambridge. He qualified as a chartered accountant in 1934 and spent the next five years in banking and accountancy. In World War II he served in the Grenadier Guards, winning his V.C. in the battle of Anzio in Italy. In 1944 he entered Parliament as Conservative M.P. for Chelsea in London and was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions in the Churchill " Caretaker Government " of 1945. In the same year Parliament was dissolved, but before this Mr. Sidney had succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father.

Lord De L'Isle became Secretary for Air when the Conservatives returned to power in 1951. In this capacity he visited Australia. He also learnt to fly. He resigned in 1955 and since then has held a number of important directorships in business and devoted himself to farming on his estate in Kent.

At his Press conference in London last week Lord De L'Isle said he hoped to see as much of Australia as possible and as many people. He added he was keen to become acquainted with new developments throughout the continent. He also reminded those present of his keen interest in cricket. He hopes to stay in Britain to see the Second Test this summer. When asked whom he considered was the greatest Australian no longer living, he replied " Victor Trumper."

The Governor-General designate is a keen amateur painter, with a special interest in portraiture. He was appointed a Trustee of London's National Portrait Gallery in 1953. There are high hopes that Lord De L'Isle will be invited to open the new Art and Cultural Centre which is to be built in Melbourne. There is no specific term of office for an Australian Governor-General. Normally it is five or six years. Of one thing Lord De L'Isle can be sure. From the moment he and his wife (who is the daughter of a V.C., the late Lord Gort) arrive in Australia they will find themselves among a people eager to meet them.

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand is probably the first country to use a dredge for coal-mining. A cutter-suction dredge is part of the equipment at the Kimihia opencast mine, one of the world's most interesting mines. The dredge is capable of shifting 1,500,000 cub. yards of material in a year. A few miles from Huntly, Waikato, approximately 400 tons of coal a day are extracted from the bed of Lake Kimihia. The mine's annual output of 80,000 tons makes it one of the most productive in New Zealand. If necessary it can produce 130,000 tons a year.

During the Second World War a considerable increase in the demand for coal prompted the Mines Department to consider reopening the Kimihia mine. It had been worked as an underground mine for about twenty years at the turn of the century. To avoid further strain on the already overworked underground mining industry, it was decided to work Kimihia as an opencast. First it was necessary to drain the lake and remove from 80 to 180 ft. of pumaceous silt and fireclay over-burden. Bold and imaginative planning evolved an unusual but efficient method. So far the mine has yielded 900,000 tons of coal. At the present rate of mining the remaining 1,750,000 tons should last another twenty years.

In two years a stop-bank, one and a quarter miles long, was built to mark the outer fringes of the workable deposits. It rises 13 ft. above normal lake level and its crest, 31 ft. wide, serves as a roadway for vehicles used in stripping the lake bed. Other stop-banks divide the enclosed area into ponds.

The pumaceous silt, which forms the top layers of the lake bed, is removed in two 30-ft. slices by the cutter-suction dredge. After the first slice has been excavated and pumped ashore through a floating pipe-line, the water-level is lowered by 30 ft. and the process repeated. The dredge, which was prefabricated in Thames, is about 90 ft. long and 28 ft. wide. It works 15 hours a day and removes 300 cub. yards of material per hour—sufficient material to fill a hole the size of a three-bedroom house. The contractors who work the mine for the Mines Department employ dredging because it is the easiest and most economical way of getting rid of most of the soft overburden.

As well as the millions of cubic yards of silt, excavation of the over-burden has brought up a beautifully preserved Maori paddle. The presence of that relic is evidence that the Waikato River must have once left its old course to form Lake Kimihia. The fireclay which forms the remainder of the over-burden is stripped by a giant 5-cubic yard excavator and loaded into motor scrapers which cart it away for use in reclaiming the lake. The excavator can load a 25-ton capacity scraper in 1½ minutes.

The seam of coal exposed by these dredging and stripping operations varies in thickness from 25 to 29 ft. It is broken up by blasting and loaded on to a short conveyor belt which takes it to the main conveyor belt which in turn delivers it to the screens. There it is graded and crushed to " nut " size before being loaded into railway wagons. Kimihia " nuts " are used in light industrial plants and the slack is sent to the Meremere Power Station.

Recently, hydraulic conditions set up by dredging caused two breaks in the main stop-bank. This did not directly affect the workings but it necessitated extensive investigations and repairs costing between £80,000 and £90,000. Supplementary stop-banks were built to provide additional protection for the workings. Experts in the study of soil stability consider that the protection works now provide an adequate margin of safety. Despite this setback the Kimihia opencast mine remains one of New Zealand's most important coal producers.

The cutter-suction dredge in operation on Lake Kimihia, in New Zealand

WEALTH

Australia's new Governor-General; coal from a New Zealand lake; the world honours a great Indian; an important law case in Pakistan

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

INDIA

Great preparations are afoot in India to honour the centenary of the birth of Rabindranath Tagore, which falls on May 7. Millions of rupees will be spent to present to the people the significance of Tagore's teachings. As a monument to his achievements as a dramatist, theatres are under construction in every state. His plays will be staged by national and state organisations all over the country. Tagore will live again, with his message of universal love and tolerance ringing in every ear.

Mr. Nehru, a great admirer of the poet, said at Ahmedabad earlier this month, that it was very much necessary for the country today to heed the advice of Tagore that nationalism should not make us narrow-minded. The Prime Minister, who had arrived from Delhi on a three-day visit to Gujerat State, was laying the foundation-stone of the Tagore Theatre at Paldi. The theatre is being built at a cost of £93,750 on the banks of the River Sabarmati and is one of the theatres to be constructed in connection with the centenary celebrations.

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore

Tagore, said Mr. Nehru, wanted the walls of narrowness to be broken. His message was all the more needed in the country today when the world was becoming one and when, with the speed of travel today, there might remain no meaning in boundaries of different countries. An inquisitive living mind was necessary if the country had to develop, Mr. Nehru said. We should keep the door and windows of our mind open towards the world and not close them or develop narrowness. This was the great message of Tagore.

It is not only in India that the Saint of Santiniketan will be honoured, but throughout the world. Britain will pay her homage suitably. Mr. Macmillan the Prime Minister is the patron of the Committee for celebrations. Lord Hailsham will deliver the main address at the Albert Hall meeting on May 8. Prince Philip has extended his patronage to the gala opening of the Tagore film at the British Film Institute on May 2. The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, will herald the world première of a chamber symphony based on an Indian theme by John Mayer, besides giving some other pieces at the Albert Hall meeting. Tagore's play *Sacrifice* will be staged at the Old Vic on May 7. Besides, a number of London societies have joined to hold talks, seminars and lectures on the various aspects of Tagore's literary life. Exhibitions of his paintings and manuscripts will be held at the Commonwealth Institute for three weeks, starting from May 4. Other major U.K. cities are also arranging similar functions to pay their tribute to India's philosopher poet.

Tagore belongs to all humanity. He cut across political and religious barriers. It is a rare tribute to his genius that countries which today stand divided into blocs and groups are joining hands to resuscitate his powerful image. The U.S.A. will spare neither expense nor effort to bring back the message of Tagore to its students, politicians and lovers of art. And so will the Soviet Union. Tagore may achieve what others have failed to accomplish.

In Windsor Castle the Duke of Edinburgh records a message for use in connection with Commonwealth Training Week, to be held in Britain from May 29 to June 4. All other Commonwealth countries are holding their Weeks, the object of which is to stimulate interest in the many technical training schemes now available to young people

PAKISTAN

The other day the Supreme Court of Pakistan concluded its hearing of the appeal filed by Sir Edward Snelson, Secretary to the Government of Pakistan in the Ministry of Law, against his conviction by the West Pakistan High Court for contempt of court. This case is sure to occupy an important place in the judicial history of the Commonwealth, in so far as it is a good illustration of the Rule of Law. In some of the reports published in Great Britain and elsewhere this aspect of the case was missed, and the point emphasised was that Sir Edward Snelson was a Britisher, suggesting by implication that his conviction was perhaps motivated by anti-foreign sentiment. This was completely off the mark.

The case arose out of a talk which Sir Edward gave to a group of administrative officers on February 15, 1960. The subject of the talk was prerogative writs which High Courts issue when moved to do so. In the course of it he said:

"A court can issue a writ only because the sovereign function is to that extent delegated to it by the Sovereign: that is to say by the State. Clearly, the delegatee cannot exercise power against the Sovereign itself. That has been made clear over centuries of decisions by courts in England, where writs first originated by delegations from the King. And this has been followed in the United States where the sovereign power descended to the people and is exercised in its name by the President. As an American judge recently said: 'There cannot be two sovereigns and the sovereign will not issue a prerogative writ against itself.'"

At the time the talk was delivered the intention was not to print or publish it. Subsequently, however, in response to requests it was published by the Training Institute concerned under the authority of the Establishment Division of the President's Secretariat. Some copies of the pamphlet were distributed to the West Pakistan Government, which in its turn distributed a copy to the High Court as a matter of routine. On scrutiny the High Court found the text of the talk offending and issued the necessary processes.

After a long trial, the judges of the West Pakistan High Court held that Sir Edward's talk contained matter calculated to lower the Court in the eyes of the public and undermine the Court's authority. He was, accordingly, found guilty of contempt of court and was ordered to pay a fine of Rs. 2,000 (approximately £150) or, in default, to undergo simple imprisonment for one month. He was also directed to pay Rs. 2,000 as costs.

The Governor of West Pakistan suspended the execution of this sentence, which he is empowered to do under the relevant sections of the Code of Criminal Procedure. An appeal was filed against the High Court's judgment before the Supreme Court and the Government of Pakistan was made a party at its own request. What is important about this case is not that Sir Edward Snelson is a Britisher, but that he is a very high official of the Government of Pakistan, and that his high position has not been able to put him out of the reach of the Pakistan judiciary.

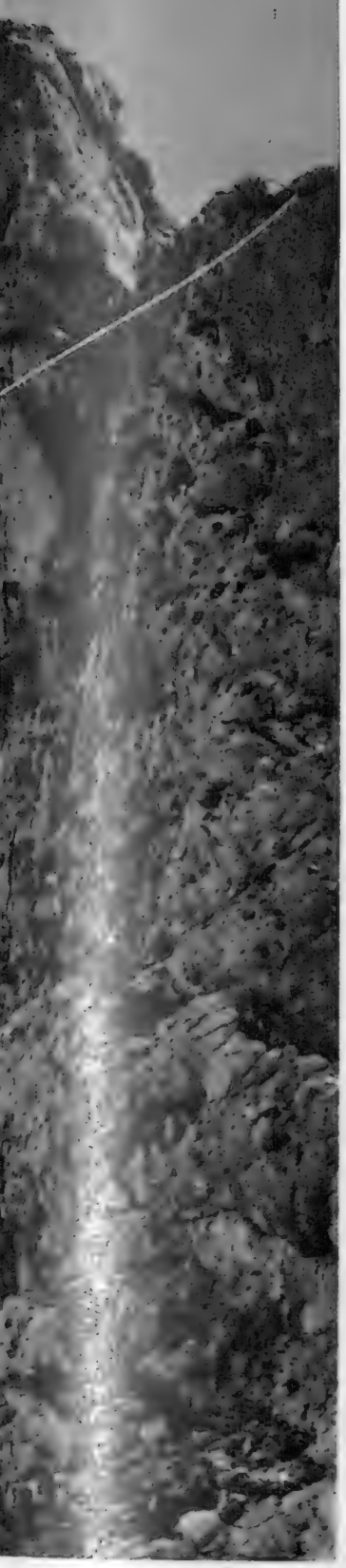
A member of the Greek Army's crack unit of commandos works himself along a rope during an assault exercise in the Kandili mountains

A soldier on the rope demonstrates spectacular agility

AT THE SUMMIT

One of the most hair-raising exercises any modern army could be called upon to perform has recently been carried out in the mountains of Euboea in southern Greece. A crack unit of commandos was involved and the object of their "Army Game" was the destruction of an "enemy radar installation" sited on an almost inaccessible crag. Ropes were suspended from hundreds of feet up to the base in the valley and along them the soldiers worked themselves without any of the safety precautions demanded in a circus. In the final stage the attackers scrambled up dangerous rock faces, without climbing irons or other aids, to accomplish their mission. All those who saw the speed and skill of the men's performance agreed the exercise was very fittingly named "Aerial Bridge."

i/c. the "raid"

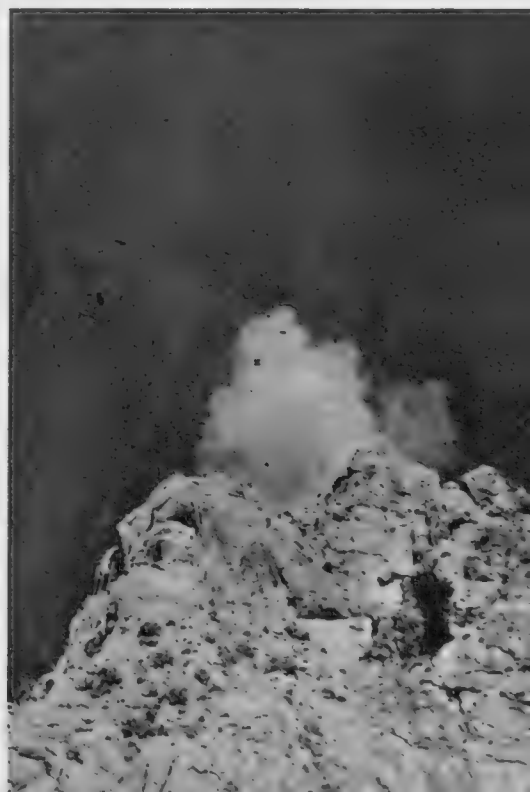


Suspended above pine-clad hills. The object of the exercise was to destroy "an enemy installation" on an almost inaccessible crag

Camouflage is essential for success

Scrambling up the rocks with no aids to climbing

Explosives signal "mission accomplished"



BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHO WAS SAINT GEORGE?

April 23rd is St. George's Day. I wonder how much you know about the patron saint of England? Maybe you know it all. Maybe, like myself—and I take leave to think that this is more probable—you have taken him more or less for granted all your life. I confess that, until quite recently, all I knew about St. George was that he killed a dragon somewhere and that this Sunday is his day. I should certainly never have bothered to find out any more had I not received a letter from a reader in British Honduras asking for information about our four patron saints; where they were born, where they are buried, and so on. Visiting their shrines, he thinks, would make a pleasant addition to a motor-tour of the British Isles. On his behalf I have been doing some research.

The Cross of St. George flies from St. George's Church in Benenden, Kent

St. David of Wales and St. Patrick of Ireland are easy enough: nice, straightforward characters. We know where they are buried and we know—near enough, anyway—where they were born. St. David is the only one of the four to have been born in the country which now reverences him as patron: the ruined chapel (little more than a fragment) of St. Non, in Dewisland, Pembrokeshire, is believed to mark the spot. St. Patrick was also a Welshman by birth, for he was born not so very far away, near Haverfordwest. But he spent most of his life in the country to which he brought Christianity and whose patron saint he now is. (I am aware that there are theories concerning his birthplace, ranging from Boulogne, in France, to Kilpatrick, in Scotland. Oliver St. John Gogarty has, however, demolished these very thoroughly, and his evidence for the neighbourhood of Haverfordwest is convincing.)

St. Andrew is also an historical figure: the brother of St. Peter and the first disciple of Jesus. But why should he have become the patron saint of Scotland? He did not bring Christianity to the Scots, his martyred blood was not spilt upon their soil: there is not even a legendary connection as there is with Russia. Moreover, Scotland has a number of most praiseworthy native saints. It really is very odd.

But not nearly as odd as St. George. St. Andrew is, at least, an historical figure. What is one to make of St. George? The answer seems to be, nothing. That may appear to be a little sweeping in view of the fact that his story was certainly known in Britain as early as the time of the Venerable Bede. But the more you delve into the story the more doubtful do you become. This is not just my reaction to it, nor is it just a modern view: the early Church doubted the authenticity of the saint, and many historians have doubted if he ever lived at all.

According to the hagiologists, he was born in Cappadocia of a noble Christian family, became a soldier and served the Emperor Diocletian with distinction, rising to high rank. Diocletian persecuted the Christians. (Our own St. Alban was one who was martyred during this persecution.) St. George is said to have rebuked him for doing so and to have paid the penalty. Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsaria, does not name him, but says that as soon as the Diocletian edict was published in Nicomedia it was torn down by a man of high rank and destroyed before all the people, and that this man bore torture, imprisonment and death with a calm and serene mind. An embellishment to this account says that he not only destroyed the edict, but then went into the Temple of Bacchus and threw down the god: on the principle of "in for a penny, in for a pound," I suppose. The date of the martyrdom of this unnamed hero is said to have been April 23, 303. Unfortunately, an earlier record speaks of the martyrdom of Holy George in 225!

Gibbon, aware of both records, would have neither. He maintains that George was not a Roman soldier nor even an orthodox Christian, but an army contractor who, by fraud and graft, made himself extremely wealthy and Arian Archbishop of Alexandria. When he fell from power on the accession of Julian the Apostate, those whom he had oppressed murdered him. The Arians (there was bitter hatred between them and orthodox Christians) regarded him as the victim of religious fanaticism: to them he was a martyr. To quote Gibbon: "This odious stranger, disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr, a saint and a Christian hero; and the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the Garter."

You can make what you like of all this. But one can understand why the early Church was a little cagey about St. George. Perhaps he was just a legendary figure; as legendary as the dragon he killed and the princess he rescued. All that is really the Perseus legend: the rescue of Andromeda from the sea-monster by Perseus. When Christianity was young it was often the saints who took the place of the pagan heroes and destroyed the traditional monsters of evil by the power of the Cross as their predecessors had destroyed them by the power of the gods.

But why did he become the patron saint of England? It does not really matter whether he existed or whether he was legendary. Why was he transported from the Middle East to England? We have some excellent home-grown saints. Why not St. Alban, the first British martyr? Why not St. Oswald or St. Edmund or St. Dunstan? Why not St. Thomas à Becket—just the sort of complex character to appeal to the English? We have some excellent home-grown dragons, too: the Lambton worm and the Moston dragon, for example. It ought not to have been beyond our ingenuity to combine saint and dragon.

If all we wanted was a folk-hero, for that is, in fact, what St. George has become, no matter what he may have set out as, then why not Arthur or Robin Hood? Why did we have to go off to the Middle East to adopt a rather dubious character? The more one thinks about St. George as patron saint, the stranger it all becomes. He was known in England as early as the sixth century, but he did not become the official patron saint until the reign of Edward III, by which time he had grown into a popular legendary figure. His national fame dates from the Crusades. The Crusaders brought him back to England and made him a household name.

But we are still left with the question: why? Why St. George? After all, soldier-saints are not uncommon, martyrs common enough, and dragons were two-a-penny in those days. Why St. George? I think that the answer must lie in that maiden. None of our British saints seems to have had an eye for the ladies.

Guildford's fifth Bishop, Dr. Reindorp, walks in procession to the Episcopal Throne in the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity

ENTHRONED AT GUILDFORD

At his enthronement at Guildford last week, the new Bishop had two members of his family taking part in the service. His father, the Rev. H. W. Reindorp, walked in one of the processions, and his 16½-year-old son Julian, a pupil at Lancing College acted as his Chaplain. The Right Rev. George Reindorp, formerly Provost of Southwark, is the fifth Bishop of the diocese. Like his predecessors, he was enthroned in Holy Trinity Church, which has been used as the Cathedral of the diocese since it was formed in 1927. Next month, on Wednesday, May 17, he will consecrate the new Cathedral on Stag Hill, in the presence of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher. At last week's service which followed the traditional pattern, Dr. Reindorp was enthroned by the Archdeacon of Canterbury. After the service the Bishop and his attendants went to the terrace outside the church for the "blessing on the Town, Counties and Diocese."

Father and son on their way to the West door

At the West door, the new Bishop gives the three traditional knocks with his pastoral staff. **Right:** The Bishop stands for part of the service at the chancel steps

VIEWS OF EUROPE

By GORDON COOPER

The Gulf of Kotor in Yugoslavia. Visible is part of the mountain road from Cetinje

In choosing the most beautiful views in Europe I realise that I am presenting a purely personal selection. Every traveller has his preferences. My own favourable memories have resulted mainly from good climatic conditions, for bad weather spoils the effect of an otherwise perfect scene. Generally, though, I have been amazingly lucky in this respect.

Even though I refuse to give any particular order to my preferences I feel that my first choice must go to the Plitvice lakes in Yugoslavia. These sixteen lakes form a chain nearly eight miles in length and they follow one beneath the other, in a series of terraces, which are connected by cascades and waterfalls. The upper lakes lie amid wooded hills which slope gently down to them, the colours of the trees reflecting on their quiet surfaces. The lower lakes are wild and impressive—turbulent water in deep gorges, and rushing falls linking one lake to another. The climax comes in the lowest of them, where a river plunges over one of the walls of the gorge, to fall a sheer 250 ft. into the lake below. Arriving after dark at the comfortable Plitvice Hotel, my first glimpse of the lakes was from my bedroom window early the next morning. The district around these lakes is, incidentally, a National Park.

There are many other superb views in Yugoslavia and one that is outstanding is the road which leads from Cetinje down to Kotor on the Dalmatian coast. This Lovcen road is a fantastic engineering feat, and it has a large number of hairpin bends. It does not do to be nervous, for in parts you spiral alongside a precipice; but the views you get of the distant waters of the Boka below offer such a breath-taking picture that you may well feel this is the most memorable road journey in all Europe.

Norway is another country which abounds in superb scenery. If I name the Geirangerfiord as the " Queen of the Fjords " I think I am justified; its magnificence, its beauty, and its overpowering and majestic grandeur fully earn it this title. It is enhanced by the veil-like drapery of its many waterfalls. The road journey, too, from Olden and Loen to Geiranger is as fine as any in Europe.

Before leaving Northern Europe I think of the comfortable Tourist Inn at Pallastunturi, in Finnish Lapland. Perched in glorious solitude at about 1,500 ft., 150 miles north of the Arctic Circle, and caught in the crook of the fells from which it takes its name, the sky there seems more vast, the variations of light and shade more striking than anything I have seen elsewhere. From the dining-room you look across a sweeping lake and forest landscape far into the blue distance of Sweden and south over the Finnish Lapland wilderness. Here you are " right away from it all "—with the added glory of the Midnight Sun.

Holland, dear Holland, is perhaps my favourite small country abroad; and picture after picture of its charm floats before my eyes. But there is nothing which excels arrival by the night steamer from Harwich at the Hook when one goes out on deck to see the polder-landscape flushed by the rising sun, with the clear Dutch sky overhead and the smart, uniformed immigration officers ready to give their traditional friendly greeting, after which one passes on to the best cup of coffee in the world.

For France I offer two selections: the superb view of Paris and the bridges over the Seine as seen from the platform at the top of the north tower of Notre-Dame, and Gavarnie Cirque high in the French Pyrenees. Almost a mile of sheer cliffs tower above the round bowl of this " circus " and if the upper snows are melting there may be as many as thirteen waterfalls tumbling over the rim—one of them with a clear drop of 1,500 ft., the loftiest single fall in Europe. Nature has, indeed, contrived one of her grandest sights here.

Across the frontier in Spain the view of the Alhambra with the towering snow mountains as a dramatic back-cloth, as seen from the gypsy quarter of the Albaicin, is something which remains in one's memory for life. Then, near the Alhambra, are the matchless gardens of the Generalife.

When I come to Italy my mind is a mass of wonderful recollections. First place goes, I think, to the panoramic view from the Belvedere of the Villa Cimbrone in Ravello. Here is the perfect scene, with sea, sky and earth all apparently dancing in light, while the senses are intoxicated with the odour of plants. You get a somewhat similar effect when you look out from the Greco-Roman Theatre in Taormina across to Etna with its constant plume of smoke. Go at almond blossom time (March) when the countryside is like a snowfield and with the broken coastline and the violet-blue sea to the left, and you will surely be overwhelmed with all its dramatic beauty. Lastly, I must at least give a note of the Dolomites where there are so many superlative views. To name just one: the vast panoramic view you get from the summit of Mount Penegal, taking in the Lake of Caldaro, the Lakes of Monticolo, the Adige Valley, the city of Bolzano and a vast stretch of the Dolomite mountains. There is, by the way, a funicular railway to the summit.

Mountains must be my first choice in Switzerland, and here I have no hesitation in naming the view you get from the Gornergrat where your gaze swings around the entire compass, taking in vast icefields and peak after peak of snowy mountains. The climax is the Matterhorn, that ideally-shaped monolith, surpassing all its compeers by its magnificent isolation as well as by its majesty. I would also wish to mention the lake and mountain view over the lovely Lake of Lugano, from Castagnola. It offers pure postcard beauty, and why not?

Rising amid Alpine peaks is the fantastic castle of King Ludwig II: Neuschwanstein. Its setting, construction and decoration make it appear fairylike, even though from the artistic point of view you may be critical. Still it gets my first placing for Germany. Then, in adjoining Austria I think first of the Tyrol and its lovely valleys. Perhaps my favourite is the Ötztal where you find some small lakes, dozens of glaciers, and scores of mighty mountains—many of the latter being over 10,000 ft.

In Greece there is so much that is enchanting. But as I wrote last December in these pages: " For sheer beauty, there is nothing in the world to excel the white temple of Poseidon at Cape Sounion. This ruined building rising from the 200-ft. cliff, with its snowy-white Doric columns, shines against the blue sky over the blue sea. It is a picture full of colour, a vision from the early world. This is how I always imagined Greece to be."

Finally, a mere mention of places nearer home. For Scotland my mind often turns to the superb view of the Cuillins, those glorious, desolate mountains of Skye, as seen from the Kyle of Lochalsh. For Ireland, my first vote goes to Renvyle in County Galway, where the coast scenery is unrivalled. And in England, with all its beauties, I turn my heart to the Wye Valley: to Tintern Abbey in its exquisite setting, and to the view of the Wye from Symond's Yat.

BY RAIL-AIR-RAIL TO BELGIUM

I travelled recently on this new link with the Continent: by electrified train journey to Rochford (near Southend), where a Channel Air Bridge coach brings you to the Southend airport in a few minutes; a 45-minute flight whisks you across to Ostend, where there is a further coach link to Ostend Station. Thence you can travel through to any Belgian destination (Bruges in 15 minutes, Ghent 40 minutes, Brussels 77 minutes, Antwerp, Louvain and Liège; while a link will shortly be opened through to Luxembourg City). A single book ticket is available covering the complete journey which can be purchased at Liverpool Street, London, or any British Railways (Eastern Region) station. Also from Channel Air Bridge (21, Wigmore Street, W.1) or principal travel agents.

BEST MONTH FOR AN IRISH HOLIDAY

June is the best month for an Irish holiday; there are more sunshine hours, the weather is drier, and the days longer than in July and August. Many hotels charge less, too, and you 'll have no bother with crowds. There 's a host of events and attractions to suit every taste. Several car-hire firms offer substantial reductions in rates during June. For further information: Irish Tourist Office, 71, Regent Street, W.1.

A DUTCH PORT IS CLOSED

The photograph of the waterfront at Veere might well be a reproduction of a painting by a Dutch artist. But it was taken on the last day the quayside presented such an aspect. The ships were preparing to sail away and not return. After they had left harbour, the little town on the island of Walcheren ceased to be a seaport and the fishing fleet transferred to a new base at Colijnsplaat, on the neighbouring island of North Beveland. The sealing-off of Veere, which is now being carried out, is part of the Dutch Delta Plan designed to protect south-west Holland from floods. The area suffered disastrously from inundations eight years ago. Over 1,800 people lost their lives, 375,000 acres of land were under water, some 9,000 buildings were destroyed and 38,000 damaged. after dykes collapsed in a tempest. Water will remain in the former harbour of Veere and will probably be used for yachting.

The waterfront at Veere in the Netherlands on the day the port was closed

Left: Waiting for the last sailing of the fleet

Right: Spectators gather on the quay for the farewell

The fishing vessels set out on their final voyage from the harbour of Veere

BOOKS

SUCCESS IN JOURNALISM

Autobiography by an assistant editor of "Punch"; and a wide range of reminiscence and fiction

When Mr. Patrick Skene Catling was contemplating journalism as a career his father gave him some good technical advice, being a newspaperman himself, and a word of encouragement. "It 's better than working," said Mr. Catling's father. Although there are many thousands of people in London alone who might disagree with this optimistic statement, it has a carefree ring which sets the tone for BETTER THAN WORKING (Faber. 18s.), one of the two most amusing—and informative—books I have read this week. The author followed his parent's precepts, except he does seem to have worked remarkably hard. What emerges from his story is a career which followed the classic lines of the young reporter's, beginning at the age of twenty-two on that very distinguished paper, the Baltimore *Sun*, attaining the eminence of head of that paper's London bureau and, in the interval between, as it were, cub and lion, filling in such posts as feature writer, critic, and war correspondent. He is now an assistant editor of *Punch*, upon which he should have a witty and worldly-wise effect.

Mrs. Hilda Picken is a lady who describes herself as a very ordinary person and one would be prepared to accept her own estimation of herself if, and I repeat if, one didn't know that at the age of eighty-eight she had written a book of personal reminiscences as bright, as fresh and as vivacious as might have been achieved by someone sixty years her junior. As a matter of fact, it is hard to imagine a twenty-eight-year-old author having as much zest as Mrs. Picken shows for life, past and present, in the pages of a book which typically she has called A PARTY OF PLEASURE (Hutchinson. 21s.). Obviously, the writer was born into the Victorian era. Far less obviously, she tells us of the vitality, the speed and the fullness of life during her younger years. It is a wonderful, heartening book which sets one to discarding ready-made theories of Victorianism as an age of slow and stifling boredom and hypocrisy.

THE BASIC WRITINGS OF BERTRAND RUSSELL (Allen and Unwin. 42s.) has been edited by Mr. Robert E. Egner and Mr. Lester E. Denonn who, in their introduction to this tremendous volume, quote Lord Russell as saying about this collection of essays and chapters, written between 1903 and 1959, that he is in no degree ashamed of having changed his opinions, adding "What physicist who was active in 1900 would dream of boasting that his opinions had not changed?" In these 700-odd pages Lord Russell discourses on language or on mathematics; on metaphysics, psychology, politics and history; on religion, science, economics and the contrasts between eastern and western civilisation. His work is nowhere tedious, constantly provocative, generally profound and always lucid. An extraordinary volume for which our thanks are due to the editors' immense industry and, as Lord Russell writes, their "labour and judgment."

Some months ago Mr. Philip Toynbee advertised in the "agony columns" of the national Press asking that people who felt that they had genuine grudges against fate and society should write to him stating their cases. The request unlocked a floodgate and Mr. Toynbee was, in the end, hard put to it to select the eighteen contributions, each not unnaturally presented under pseudonyms, which make up this symposium of social grievances told at first hand. They include heart cries from people suffering from illegitimacy, from a combination of diabetes and unemployment, from homosexuality, or from the results of a father's drunkenness, a husband's impotence or the frustration of being under-educated. UNDERDOGS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) is an astounding and often moving book and the result of an original idea. In the context, however, it is puzzling that the publishers should refer to it as "delightfully" original.

"SOUTH" AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH. From left are Regina (Heather Sears); the Polish Officer (Denholm Elliott) and Edward (William Fox). Julien Green's unsentimental study of a triangular relationship involving homosexuality is set in the house of a Southern planter on the eve of the American Civil War

A SERIOUS WOMAN (Hutchinson. 16s.) is an exceptional novel, the work of Mr. Stanley Middleton, who writes as if he had as little belief in clichés as most people in phœnixes. Everything that he has to say is, whether reasoned or instinctive, completely an expression of an individual talent. His dialogue is as real and honest as bread and butter but its implications are subtle. The characters, ordinary enough at first meeting, reveal themselves with everything they say, though never sensationally, and develop from chapter to chapter. The setting is a provincial town, the people belong to what is loosely and misleadingly known as the middle-class. With no evident beauty, adventure or drama, Mr. Middleton has nevertheless written a remarkably good book and a memorable one. A mark of his quality is that it would be difficult to put him in a category or find an exactly comparable novelist.

Mr. G. R. Turner is an Australian writer and a good one. Whether one reads A STRANGER AND AFRAID (Cassell. 18s.) for its literary merits, which are solid, or for the picture that it gives quite brilliantly of a small town in the central timber region of Australia, one can find a satisfying and more

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BLUNDERING TO WAR

A. J. P. Taylor's study of the last war

It is now over twenty years since the Second World War began. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and Roosevelt have long since left the scene, Churchill has withdrawn from leadership, and only de Gaulle is having a second innings. At last, the historian can stand back and survey the scene, reviewing events in new-found perspective and detachment. A. J. P. Taylor has attempted to do this in THE ORIGINS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.) and, let it be said, he has largely succeeded. We can admire the historian's admirable detachment from the political hurly-burly, but in just one respect Mr. Taylor may appear far too detached, when he declares "This is a story without heroes; and perhaps even without villains." Germany's crime against the Jewish people cannot be dismissed in that way, and surely Hitler's "final solution," as he chose to call it, figured largely in all his thinking preceding the war as it also did subsequently. Why Hitler chose to attack Russia, when strategically Germany was so well placed for the final assault on fortress Britain, is brought out very clearly by Mr. Taylor, who emphasises Hitler's obsession with the advancing economic power of the Soviet Union. The war in the West, the author asserts, was far from being premeditated; but probably flowed from a series of diplomatic blunders on both sides, shown by the author with masterly skill.

There is no question but that some of the finest work done in the field of town planning has been in the creation of Britain's new towns. Major-General A. C. Duff, as general manager of Stevenage, has played an important role in this work, which has undoubtedly brought domestic happiness to an enormous number of people and, despite many prophets of woe, is already achieving financial success. In his excellent little volume, BRITAIN'S NEW TOWNS (Pall Mall Press. 10s. 6d.), Major-General Duff describes the progress to date, and looks ahead to the next step. The south-eastern corner of Britain is such a magnet for population it is likely that more new towns will be established in this area. Hook, in Hampshire, has not won favour in the sight of the "locals," so that has gone by the board, but it may well be that the quiet towns of East Anglia will be called to expand, and the town-planners will be able to build there on the experience they have gained in making opportunities for better living.

How one intelligent, warm-hearted and determined woman faced up to an era of bewildering social change, including two world wars, is brought out effectively by Gervas Huxley in his life of LADY DENMAN, G.B.E. (Chatto and Windus. 18s.). We see this very remarkable woman first in the thick of the suffragette battle, then playing to perfection the role of Her Excellency, as wife of the Governor-General of Australia. In 1916 Lady Denman emerged as the head of the Women's Institute movement, and for thirty years she was its inspiring leader. In the Second World War she was the Director and moving spirit of the highly successful Women's Land Army, and somehow or other she went about all these tasks in a delightful way that endeared her to thousands. The biographer's pleasantly informal style is well suited to the portrayal of this energetic personality.

The Great North Road stretches a distance of only 400 miles between London and Edinburgh. It is neither physically impressive, nor was it particularly important when the Romans built it; but when the conquerors left, declares Frank Morley, it began to work as yeast works, and to play a vital part in the social and commercial life of the nation. Mr. Morley tells us of this ferment in his scholarly and entertaining book, THE GREAT NORTH ROAD (Hutchinson. 25s.), revealing how centuries of events along this highway are part of the sum of our culture.

Nature lovers will take a keen delight in Phillip Keller's CANADA'S WILD GLORY (Jarrolds. 35s.), a companion to the same author's volume on Africa. Mr. Keller captures the spirit of the great Canadian outdoors in vivid prose. Photographs in colour and half-tone and some excellent line drawings adorn the text.

R. C. E.

than workmanlike competence. The place which the author has described so well here has about 20,000 inhabitants and a big and growing migrant population, passing through the hands of the local and official employment service till they find homes of a kind for themselves and their children. The central figure of the story is a man temporarily stationed in the town as Employment Officer, determined to keep up the façade of self-reliance which has been so carefully cultivated to hide the effects of his melancholy childhood, but gradually being drawn more and more into the tangles and warmth of human relationships until he becomes a true part of the community. Good stuff and compassionate without sentimental thinking.

And so to two English novels which journey a hundred years and more into our historical past. THE WISTARIA WOMAN (Hutchinson. 16s.) is by Mr. David Emerson, whose calm, almost monochrome style has an appeal of its own. He is writing here about Kingston-upon-Thames and the Hampton Court district as it was in the 1860's, when a semi-village life was enjoyed by solid and reputable citizens, who might be well-to-do brewers, lawyers or the new brand of estate agents. The Woman with a Past who appears in this tranquil place stirs up more than speculation and, in its steadily paced way, there is considerable action in this period piece.

THE NARROW EDGE (Redman. 16s.) is Mr. Neil Bell's new novel of Regency days in London, and of a young man of unknown parentage who is persuaded to take work as a valet, becomes one of Harriette Wilson's unpaying customers and, in his professional capacity, serves such masters as the contemporary Archbishop of Canterbury; Samuel Rogers, poet, banker and giver of breakfast parties to the *élite*; and Barnes, the great editor of *The Times* of those days. Agreeably written, as one would expect, and with some diverting glimpses of pre-Victorian celebrities.

The other amusing book of the week, as I mentioned above, is Mr. Max Wilk's DON'T RAISE THE BRIDGE (LOWER THE RIVER) (Heinemann. 16s.), which is a slightly fantastic but nevertheless diverting account of the adventures of a Connecticut inn-keeper. The time is the present, the setting is luxurious as far as food, wine and entertainment are concerned, and Mine Host is, in fact, a sophisticated, worldly fellow of excellent taste with a number of ingenious methods for baffling tax collectors. Frothy, funny, broad-minded and altogether the kind of American novel that a Frenchman might have written.

THE MAN WHO LISTENS (Collins. 16s.) is another of Miss Taylor Caldwell's forcefully-written novels, this time about a quiet philanthropist whose last action is to build a kind of sanctuary with no priest, no service and no congregation; only a beautiful, silent anteroom to which people might freely come to tell their troubles and aspirations to an unseen man, hidden behind thick curtains. Miss Caldwell has a vast following who need no spurring on in their enjoyment of her work so I will only say that they will find here the sincerity and the story-telling ability which have established her among successful American writers.

M. Romain Gary's new novel is a far cry indeed from Africa and *The Roots of Heaven*. THE TALENT SCOUT (Michael Joseph. 16s.) is the distinguished writer's very personal concept of the age-old story of Faust who sold his soul to the Devil and the young man in the present tale is engaged on his own search for a devil with whom he can strike a bargain and gain a particular talent. With this he will become the leader of his oppressed people and have immense power. M. Gary surrounds him with sages and eccentrics, freaks and performers, describing both them and the man's quest in his powerfully imaginative language and creating a strange, half-credible world.

Vernon Fane

In one of the medieval plays from the Wakefield Cycle are Noah (Daniel Thorndike) and his family in the Ark

The Last Supper—John (Edward de Souza), Judas (Stuart Hutchinson), Jesus (James Bolam) and Peter (Dan Meaden)

THE WAKEFIELD MYSTERY PLAYS

At the Mermaid Theatre

These stark, stylised dramatic versions of the Scriptures are receiving their first, full professional performances for nearly 400 years. Eighteen of the surviving thirty-two plays in the Wakefield Cycle have been chosen. They occupy the stage for nearly 3½ hours, during which time the drama moves from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, by way of the Garden of Eden, Noah, the celebrated Shepherds play and the Last Supper and the Crucifixion. Designed originally to portray to the unlettered the story of the Scriptures, these plays act better than they read.

At the Judgment the evil souls are thrust into the Jaws of Hell

A light helicopter lifts the new airport identification beacon into place on top of a 50-ft. high building at Luton airport

Left: An R.A.F. airman in Cyprus descends to the ground from a helicopter, using a long rope. This technique of landing men is used in difficult terrain

A VARIETY OF ROLES

The helicopter is an extremely versatile aircraft. In wartime it has proved invaluable for all the three services, and its civilian uses are not restricted to transport of baggage and people on short journeys, for it is being increasingly used as a mobile crane. During the installation of the new £35,000 G.E.C. airfield lighting system at Luton airport, Helicopter Services Ltd. were contracted to lift the 6-cwt. identification beacon on to the top of the Hunting Aircraft building on the airfield.

Although helicopters do not need much space in which to land, they are often required in wooded or rocky terrain where they cannot get down. On Cyprus No. 26 (Light Anti-Aircraft) Squadron, R.A.F. Regiment, has developed special techniques in co-operation with the pilots of No. 103 Squadron, flying Sycamore helicopters. Men of the Regiment jump from their helicopters if the aircraft can hover near enough to the ground. But over woods, they use ropes up to 40 ft. long.

In Prague, a Czech fire-fighting helicopter drops bags of cement on to a blazing gas holder in order to put out the flames after the holder had exploded. Although the fire caused widespread damage, there were no casualties and gas services were not interrupted

Left: On board H.M.S. *Bulwark*, Britain's first commando carrier, men of 42 Commando, Royal Marines, wait for their Wessex helicopters to be refuelled before setting out for further landing operations. Units of 3rd Commando Brigade, using Whirlwind and Wessex machines from *Bulwark*, took part in an exercise in the desert west of Aden

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

PAPER ROUND

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

"Power," Mr. Cecil Harmsworth King, head of the Daily Mirror Newspapers group, is reported to have said, "is all right so long as it remains in my hands." The remark was made quizzically but in fact Mr. King is now chief of the biggest newspaper and magazine empire in the world, with a circulation running into many millions and a balance sheet showing assets of close on £100 million. Indeed, it was the Daily Mirror's absorption of Odhams Press, following so closely on the death of the *News Chronicle* and *Star* and the closure of Sunday and provincial newspapers that led to the setting up of the Royal Commission under Lord Shawcross to inquire into the economics of newspaper publishing. It seemed astonishing to M.P.s, as it must to everyone not intimately connected with the business side of the industry, that papers selling between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 copies a day found it impossible to survive.

The "popular" national daily newspaper groups are now reduced to three and there are only three "serious" national dailies, *The Times*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Guardian*. None of these latter three is a publicly-quoted company and only one, the *Telegraph*, has sales in the 1,000,000-a-day class. In addition, there are the national Sunday newspapers, but only two, the *News of the World* and the *Sunday Times*, are published by independent public companies. The *Financial Times* is, of course, a nationally distributed paper but it has a specialised appeal, although its coverage has expanded considerably in recent years to include the Arts, a broad view of industry and world affairs and politics.

Daily Mirror Newspapers owns, besides the *Daily Mirror* itself, the *Glasgow Daily Record*, *Noon Record* and *Sunday Mail*, a number of papers in West Africa and has a substantial share interest in the *Sunday Pictorial*. In turn, the *Sunday Pictorial* has a holding of *Daily Mirror* shares so that each company, in effect, controls the other. The Mirror group's takeover of Odhams gives it control of the *Daily Herald* and the *People*, besides the big magazine interests of George Newnes that Odhams had bought a year or two earlier. The *Daily Mirror* had itself previously bought the Amalgamated Press magazine group from Lord Camrose and his relations, and changed the name to Fleetway Publications. Last year it sold its direct control of a newsprint company to Albert E. Reed, the paper firm, in exchange for Reed shares. Its non-newspaper interests include a shareholding in Associated Television, printing, process engraving, ink manufacture and directory and book publication. Profits in the year that ended last February were more than £2,400,000 after tax. At 13s. the Ordinary shares yield 5·6 per cent. on the forecast dividend.

The second in size of the "popular" newspaper groups is Associated Newspapers, of which Lord Rothermere is chairman. Its main papers are the *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, *Daily Sketch*, and *Sunday Dispatch*, as well as *Weekend Mail*, and a chain of provincial papers, including the *Hull Daily Mail*, *Leicester Mercury*, *Grimsby Evening Telegraph*, *Derby Telegraph*, etc. Like the Daily Mirror group, it has a stake in independent television with a 37½ per cent. shareholding in Southern Television and has shareholdings in television stations in Australia. It has incorporated the bodies of the *News Chronicle* and *Star* in the *Daily Mail* and *Evening News* respectively. The company is controlled by the Daily Mail and General Trust which holds a majority of Associated Newspapers shares and the Trust is controlled by Lord Rothermere and his family through the voting-shares. Profits of Associated Newspapers reached a peak of £1,500,000 last year and at 28s. the shares yield 4·8 per cent.

Beaverbrook Newspapers owns the *Daily Express*, *Sunday Express*, *Evening Standard* and *Glasgow Evening Citizen*. The principal shareholder is the founder, Lord Beaverbrook, who controls the company through the small voting-capital. Net profits were almost £800,000 last year, compared with £360,000 five years earlier. The News of the World organisation is the holding company owning the Sunday newspaper, a chain of provincial papers mostly in the West Country, the Liverpool colour-printing firm of Eric Bemrose, the *Greyhound Express* and—Walton Heath Golf Club. It has a stake in Television Wales and the West and Convoys, the transport firm. The main paper's circulation is around 6,500,000 and profits were over £800,000 last year.

Thomson Newspapers was formed when Mr. Roy Thomson, the Canadian newspaper owner, acquired Kemsley Newspapers in 1959. It is controlled by Mr. Thomson's master company, Thomson Scottish Associates. The *Sunday Times* is its most important paper and others include the *Scotsman*, *Western Mail*, *Newcastle Journal*, etc. Mr. Thomson has declared his ambition to buy a national daily paper, and although there may be a pause until the Royal Commission has reported, it is likely that further newspaper amalgamations will take place.

The most vulnerable group is Associated Newspapers, control of which could be acquired fairly cheaply through Daily Mail and General Trust. It is hopes of a bid that has pushed the Trust shares to 76s. recently; even at this level they return a reasonable 4·3 per cent. *Daily Mirror* shares appear cheap in comparison with others in the field but the group will be involved in a difficult digestive process for a year or so and they may fall temporarily to lower levels. Possibly the best growth prospects lie with Thomson Newspapers, whose Preferred Ordinaries stand at 27s. 6d. to yield a well-covered 6·2 per cent.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

I have a tremendous respect for Belgian cooking. The art is taken even more seriously—if that is possible—than it is in France, and no amount of trouble taken in the preparation of a sauce or a complete dish is ever too much. I am reluctant to carry my comparison further. My own admiration for the supremacy of French cuisine is undiminished but, if one wanted to make a comparison, this is what I would say, in a very general way. Food in Belgium is always just a little richer. Some people may find it too rich. The portions are invariably larger, and this suggests that the Belgian, while he is discriminating, is a heavier eater. This is borne out by the relatively large number of restaurants, even in the smallest places, and the overall quality benefits by stiff competition. In Brussels, where good restaurants can be found in every quarter, there is also at least one whole street, where virtually every house is a restaurant, with a far greater density of eating places than you would find in Soho.

I used to say about conditions in France that you could not find a poor or unsatisfactory meal anywhere, if you tried, and in the old days this was largely true. To-day, I am not so sure. I have had some indifferent meals now and then in recent years. To some extent this can be blamed on the growth of tourism and an unfortunate pandering to the visitor who will insist on asking for steak and chips, refusing to try any new flavours, and regarding all those "foreign, made-up dishes" with the greatest suspicion. The effect of this can be seen in some of the better class places on the Riviera for instance, where the cooking has lost its original, regional savour.

The Belgian cook must have greater integrity, because in his country every meal is still impeccable, and none of the methods of cooking has been corrupted or become careless. This may be due to some extent to the innate individualistic outlook of the Belgian, and also to the existing outside influences established side by side with French *haute cuisine*, which set the tone of the national gastronomy. Basically French, the cooking has been influenced by the taste of other neighbouring countries and past conquerors, and this must make it more resistant to the undesirable kind of foreign influence.

The richness and amplitude of the cooking may pall after a prolonged stay, but during a short visit, each meal eaten in Belgium ranks as an enthralling adventure. This is what I found during a recent excursion for a few days. I started at Ostend, where one of the best of good tables is to be found at the restaurant of the vast modern Kursaal (Casino), whose *Chef de Cuisine* is well known as the Belgian "television chef." The *Bisque d'Homard* was unforgettable and velvety smooth. For the *hors d'œuvres* we had to get up and walk round a long table, piled with an immense variety of dishes, helping ourselves as we went. After two helpings of the delicious *Bisque* and this gargantuan orgy of *hors d'œuvres* it was not surprising that our interest in the successive courses of our dinner, which were equally fine, flagged somewhat. In spite of all this I could not resist the delicious pudding, for the simple reason that its principal constituent was *real* ice cream, such as we seldom get when eating out in England.

Another meal comes to mind, a lunch eaten at the Duc de Bourgogne at Bruges, in the most charming surroundings. The dining room of this small, but exquisite hotel overlooks the canal lined with ancient buildings and weeping willows, which were coming into fresh green bud when I was there. The house is tastefully decorated with paintings and *objets d'art*, and the soft playing of an indefatigable pianist made the atmosphere conducive to the enjoyment of a good lunch. Outside little boats laden with sightseers glided by. I started my meal with *Croquettes aux Crevettes* (shrimps are a national speciality and in this form as well as others, are found on nearly every menu). They were deliciously light, fluffy and crisp on the outside. Next I ordered another national dish which I had never tasted before, *Waterzooi*, the preparation of which, I understand, varies between the different parts of the country. This one was *Waterzooi de Poulet à la Gantoise*, large pieces of chicken cooked with celery, carrots and other vegetables. The juice is thickened into a liquid more resembling a soup than a sauce, and the dish is eaten on a soup plate, with knife, fork and a spoon. I must try other varieties of *Waterzooi* on my next visit. Again there was a choice of several *real* ice creams, but for a change, I chose the *Crêpes Maison*, pancakes *flambé* with orange liqueur.

In Brussels I was taken for lunch to a restaurant in the wonderful Grand Place, La Maison du Cygne, on the first floor of one of the old guild houses adjoining the Hotel de Ville. This place is fairly new, with tasteful mock-medieval decor and a huge open wood-fire grill at one end. The service is of the highest standard and the quality of the food was quite up to what this led one to expect. I was adventurous again, and after a small slice of excellent terrine tried something new to me: *Jets de Houblon* (young shoots of hops) served with poached eggs and *Sauce Hollandaise*. With a texture similar to asparagus tips the hop shoots had an exquisite flavour all their own, not in the least reminiscent of beer! As a main course I greatly admired *Noisette de Pré Sale à l'Estragon*. The tarragon sauce made with wine was a much better accompaniment to lamb, in my view, than our vinegary mint sauce.

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Ronald Gilbey

Last week, Mr. Gilbey, in his annual report as chairman of W. and A. Gilbey Limited, announced that the wine and spirit firm was taking the considerable step of moving from London to Harlow New Town. Mr. Gilbey is the great-grandson of Alfred Gilbey, who founded the firm with his brother Walter in 1857, and succeeded his father as chairman of the company in 1954. He is also the chairman of the Licenses and General Insurance Co. Ltd. Ronald Dashwood Gilbey was born in 1911 and was educated at Westminster School. He joined Gilbeys in 1933 having spent some time travelling abroad. During the Second World War he served in the R.A.F. until he was invalided out in 1941, whereupon he devoted himself to the interests of the company and to politics and local government. Mr. Gilbey was a member of the Westminster City Council from 1945 to 1948. He unsuccessfully contested the Greenwich constituency in the 1950 General Election, standing as a Conservative. For some years he was an L.C.C. member for Holborn and St. Pancras South. He is vice-president of the Holborn and St. Pancras South Conservative Association and president of the St. Pancras Chamber of Commerce. Besides local politics, Mr. Gilbey also devotes much time to the associations of the wine and spirit trade and this year is the president of the National Federation of Off-Licence Holders' Associations of England and Wales. He is a well-known winter sportsman who represented Britain in international skating and bobsleighing and has been chairman of the National Skating Association since 1956. For ten years he represented the Association on the British Olympic Council. Married, with two children, Mr. Gilbey lives in Chelsea and has a cottage in Dorset

VARIETY IN "ENGINEERING AND ALLIED"

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Few people in the engineering industries needed rather grim words in this year's *Economic Survey* to tell them that though Britain is now putting more effort into capital investment, it is importing too much and needs to export a great deal more. A large proportion of those exhibiting at the Engineering, Marine, Welding and Nuclear Energy Exhibition that opened at Olympia this week, for example, were engaged in the first of these economic developments, were uncomfortably aware of the second, and were doing something about the third.

Last year the output of the engineering and allied industries went up by roughly 7 per cent. for the year as a whole—though by the end of the year, even if one excludes the slump in the motor industry, output in the rest of engineering cannot have been much more than 2 per cent. up on the end of 1959. This was not particularly worrying; there had been a big rise in output during 1959, and in many parts of engineering factories were working to full capacity during most of 1960. But the label "engineering and allied" is tagged onto an extraordinary variety of industries, and in their recent experience one can find a considerable variety of fortune from very good to very bad.

The biggest job of the engineering industries, they are at present very glad to say, is supplying investment goods; and whatever else one can say about the British economy, there is no doubt that it is in an investment boom. The election result of 1959 certainly unbuttoned the pocket-books of many British businessmen so far as putting in new plant was concerned; last year they began to get deliveries under the wave of new orders that they placed during the last few months of 1959, and by the end of the year private industrial and commercial investment was running about 14 per cent. higher than a year before.

This increase was not quite mirrored in the business that the suppliers of plant and machinery were doing, mainly because with new plant one begins by spending money mainly with the constructional industries and only after a year to eighteen months begins to get significant amounts of engineering hardware on to the site. But at the end of last year spending on plant and machinery was up by about 9 per cent.; and engineering order books in the makers of fixed capital goods were up by 20 per cent. or more. The private industrialists who make forecasts of their capital expenditure had told the Board of Trade that they expected to spend up by 30 per cent. more on capital investment this year; so in broad terms, at least, one can be confident that the investment boom is going on apace.

Even within investment, of course, there are some parts of industry doing a lot less fortunately than others; one has only to instance shipbuilding and marine engineering, where output fell about 9 per cent. last year. Investment in shipping has been sharply cyclical; after the great rush of tanker ordering at about the time of Suez, there ensued a famine of orders that has lasted almost ever since. During recent years the shipbuilding industry in Britain has been the recipient of much well-meant advice and a certain amount of criticism, both on the ball and off it. But its present plight is not traceable, immediately at least, to any of the shortcomings that its critics chose to publicise, for the shipyards that they cited as examples of modernised efficiency in other countries are mostly in the same state of declining output too, with considerably shorter order books. Shipbuilding, moreover, is one of the great assembly industries. When its output slackens there are considerable repercussions throughout a large number of industries that supply it.

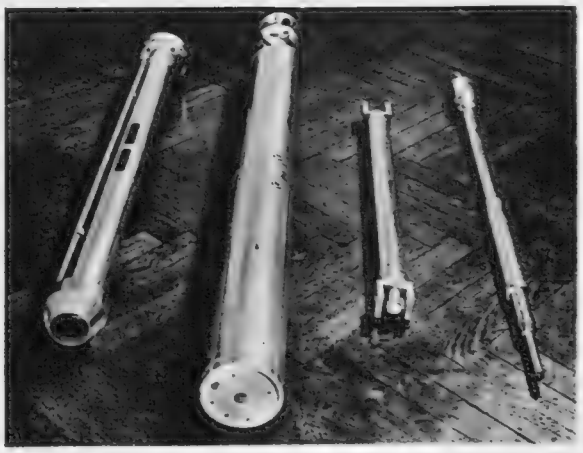
These intermediate engineering industries form a core of somewhat flexible capacity within British industry that is not wholly specialised, but which makes a big contribution to whatever demand is strongest from time to time on the different industries producing different kinds of finished equipment. There are many hundreds of such firms, in the Midlands and of late around the London area, whose products are seldom identifiable in anything that a final customer, be he businessman, motorist, or householder, buys from the engineering industries; but British engineering would be lost without them.

The engineering industries would not think of themselves as large consumers of imports, other than some non-ferrous metals; but during last year they have become well aware that their customers may be. Some recent calculations have suggested that during 1960, about one-seventh of the plant and machinery installed in British factories may have come from abroad—nearly £200 million worth. There is nothing particularly disquieting about this. Highly developed countries tend to take in more and more of one another's washing, up to a point at least. The more enterprising any country's industry is, the more likely it is to be looking round the world to see what tricks and techniques it can buy in from abroad.

The test here will be how much of its own output an engineering industry manages to sell abroad—*i.e.* how far its own variations attract the enterprising industrial customer who is looking beyond what his own capital goods makers can supply. And here the record of the engineering industries is good, if not necessarily as good as Whitehall might like. Although imports of machinery have risen in recent years, so have exports, and the proportion of machinery that makers here have managed to sell overseas; during the last two years this has been up to about 38 to 40 per cent. Last year these industries exported £872 million worth of machinery and electrical goods and £197 million worth of other engineering products, quite apart from exports of vehicles.

So much for the statistics; what are the trends of to-day in these industries? To judge by some of the equipment that has been made ready for this week's exhibition, one might say that there is a rather more broadly-diffused emphasis on new techniques and the results of research than there was a few years ago. Nuclear energy still makes large and exacting demands on a large number of British engineering firms, over and above those actually engaged in consortiums to build the nuclear generating stations, but there has inevitably been a great access of caution since the programme began to be cut back. On the eve of this exhibition, for example, the Hawker Siddeley group decided to withdraw from the nuclear field, although it was one of the companies that had submitted designs for a nuclear ship propulsion unit, and no firm decision had then been announced by the Government on the question of nuclear shipping.

A main-line diesel-electric locomotive, built by English Electric, passes through Darlington on its way by road to the Engineering, Marine, Welding and Nuclear Energy Exhibition at Olympia, London. The exhibition is open from 20th April until 4th May

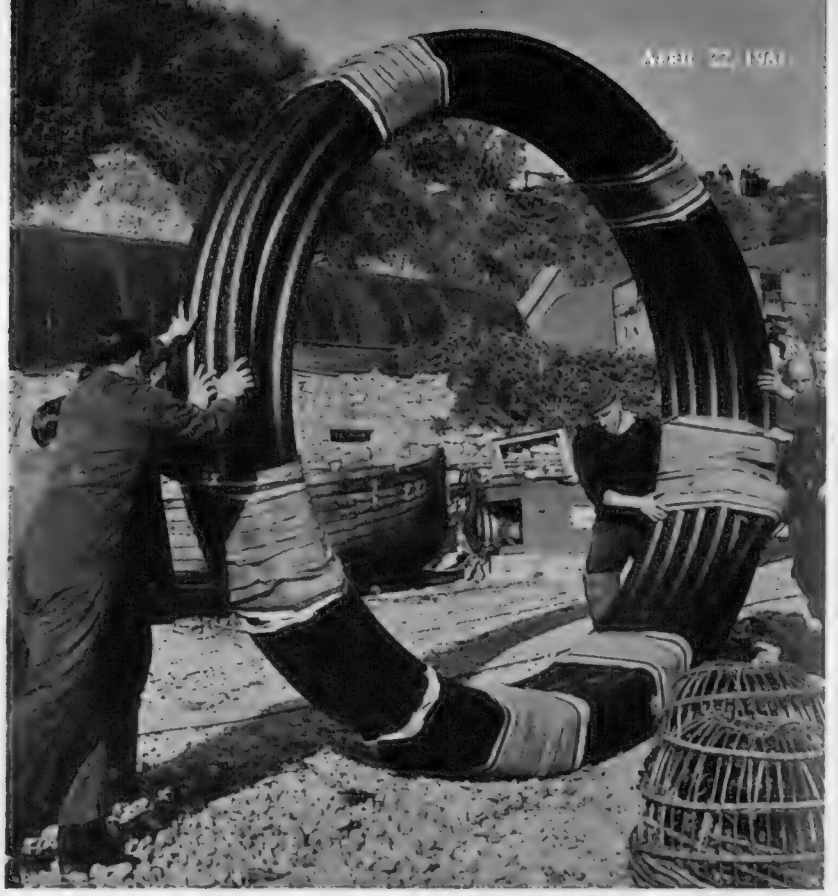


Left: On the stand of Talbot Stead Tube Co. Ltd. at the Exhibition are models of nuclear components, including, left, charging standpipe assemblies

On the other hand, there is little doubt that the "side-effects" of nuclear demand upon the engineering industries during the last few years have been very significant. The companies have a much larger sprinkling of graduate engineers around, and not only in the research and development departments; there seems to be a much greater ease in management's discussion of quite abstruse techniques that might have been dismissed as impractical five to ten years ago. Much of the advanced metallurgy demanded by the atomic authorities, for example, has made its mark on ordinary metallurgical practice. One would not be surprised this year to see a considerable further upsurge in engineering exports, which are nowadays by far the strongest element in Britain's whole foreign business performance; and much of their home sales goes to improve the future capacity of Britain to pay for the growing imports that seem inevitably to come with expansion. The economy to-day is moving into a situation with which we have become drearily familiar at different times since the war; where the rate of internal expansion we can afford is limited by our foreign balance. In building up new and modernised industrial capacity, the engineering industries are making the most positive contribution to that problem that can be made at home.

AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION

Polythene pipes are unloaded at Beer before being floated to Pinhay



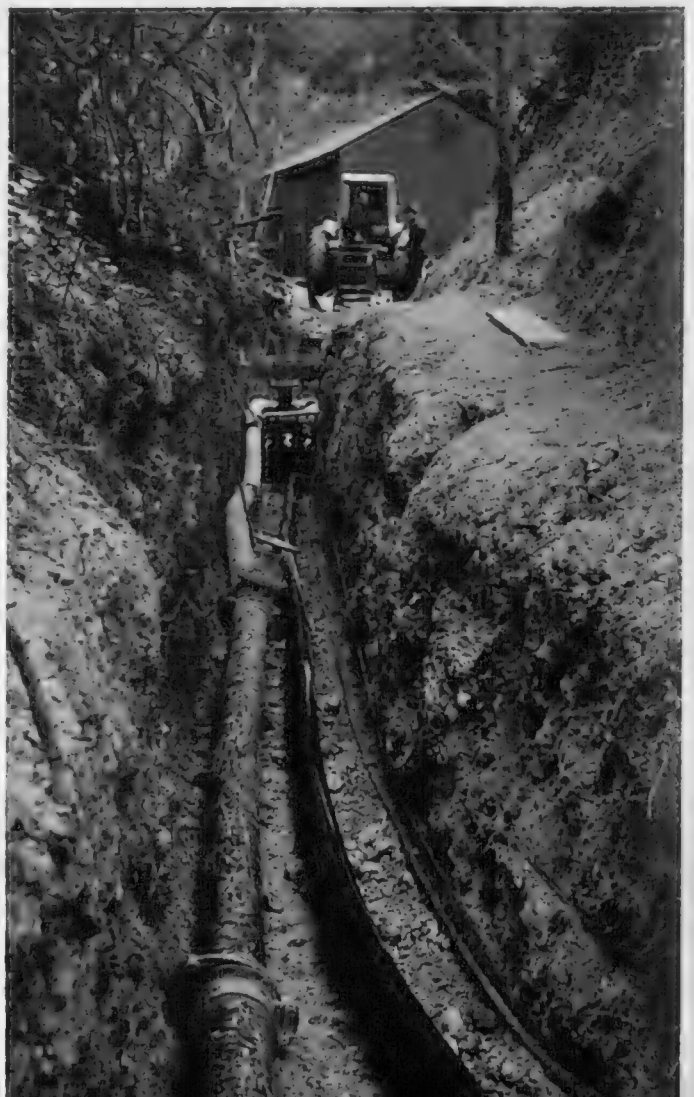
One of the coils, ready for towing, is manhandled down the beach

The pumping station at Pinhay, on the south coast of Devon, provides nearly a million gallons of water daily to Lyme Regis, the nearby coastal town in Dorset. Continuous movement of the ground in this area makes conventional steel or cast-iron pipes impracticable because they fracture if dislodged. The East Devon Water Board decided, therefore, to lay four polythene pipes, each 4 ins. in diameter and some 400 ft. long, which would serve to draw off surplus water from the reservoir and carry it down the cliffs to the sea. The Water Board was responsible for laying the pipes in conjunction with Stewarts and Lloyds Ltd., who supplied them.

The polythene pipes, of a type frequently used in drainage, were floated along the coast to Pinhay from Beer, in Devon, because of the inaccessibility of the site by road. In coils some 14 ft. in diameter, the pipes were towed by boat to a point at the foot of the cliffs below the pumping station where they were unwound and hauled up the cliff face by winch. During the operation, telephone contact was maintained between operators at the cliff top and the men on the beach below.

Right: A coil some 14 ft. in diameter, is rolled into the water at Beer at the start of its journey to the pumping station

Left: The four coils, giving the impression of a sea serpent, are towed in the waters off the Devon coast



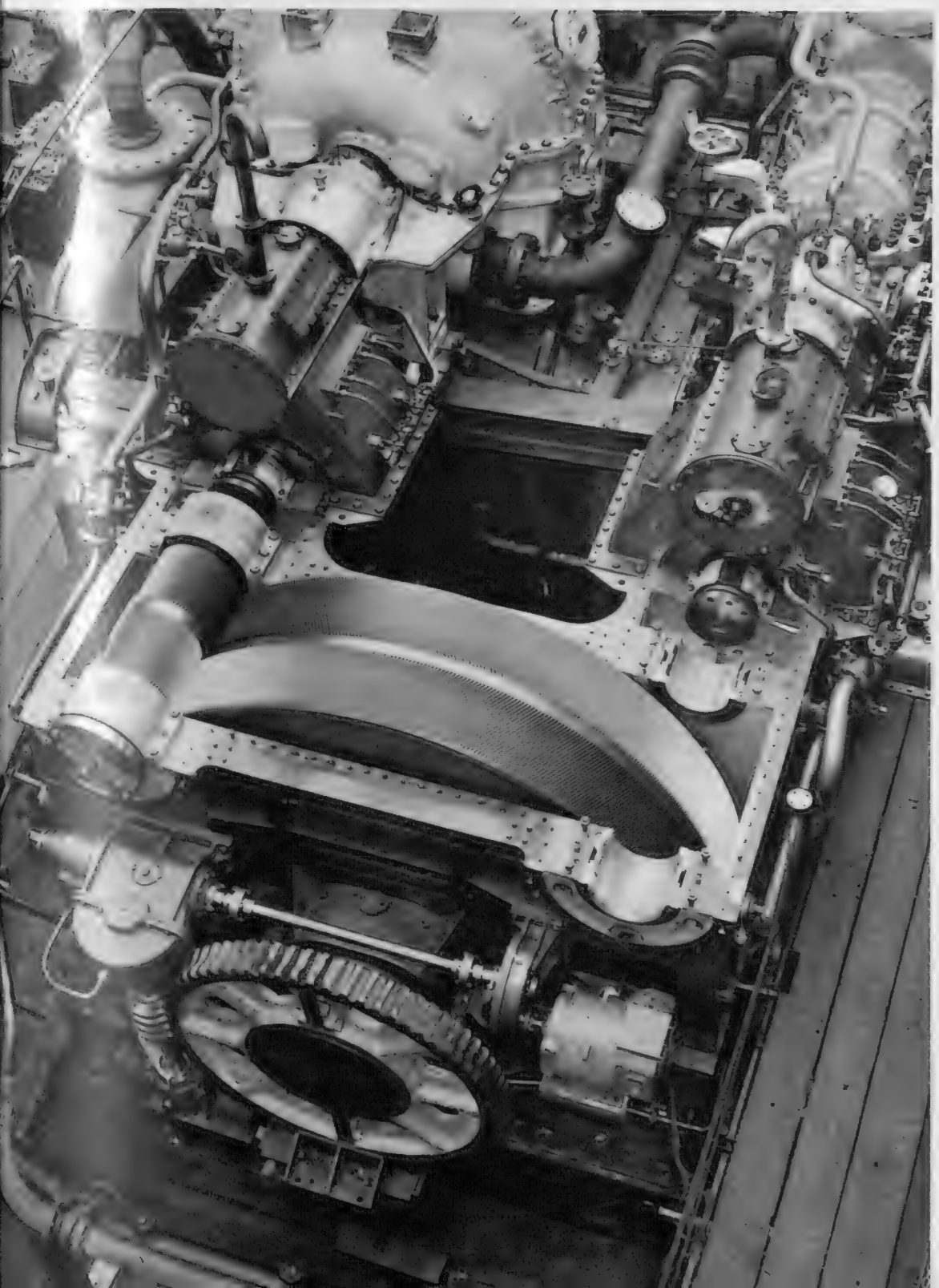
Right: The first length of polythene piping reaches the top of the cliff. The pipe on the left is a temporary one

Below: A rope is attached to a pipe on the beach at Pinhay in preparation for hauling it up the cliff face

A small end bearing for a large marine engine is machined at Glacier's service station in Glasgow. Because of its proximity to the Clyde, the service station is much concerned with marine work. Glacier have other service stations in London and Manchester

Photographs by Ralston

Below: Under construction in the Glasgow plant of Alexander Stephen and Co., the Scottish shipbuilding and engineering firm, is a powerful steam turbine intended for use in a banana boat. The high- and low-pressure turbines and the primary and secondary reduction gearings can be seen. The bearings for the turbine were made by Glacier Metal



BEARINGS THE WORLD RUNS ON

visiting the Glacier factories

By **Courtenay Edwards**

In 1899 an enterprising American named Guyler Findlay formed a small company in London for the manufacture of bearing metals. He called it the Glacier Anti-Friction Metal Co. and told his friends: " The name sounds sort of cool—and that 's appropriate where bearings are concerned." To-day that same firm, with its name shortened to Glacier Metal, with 4,000 employees and a chain of factories in England and Scotland, is Europe's biggest manufacturer of plain bearings.

Under the dynamic direction of Mr. Wilfred Brown, son-in-law of the founder, and chairman since 1939, it has expanded four-fold in ten years. It supplies nearly half of all the plain bearings used by the British motor industry and has established a world leadership in the development of dry bearings. These new-style bearings, which need no oil or grease, are used by Rolls-Royce and other leading firms. " Their potentialities are enormous," said Mr. Finlay McPherson, the company's managing director, when I met him during a tour of his factories at Wembley, Manchester, Glasgow and Kilmarnock. " They constitute a major technical break-through. They could lead to the complete elimination of greasing points on cars and will have a profound effect on the future design of cars, trucks and industrial machinery."

I learned that Glacier have invested £2,500,000 on expansion since 1950 and that in the same period they have spent more than £1,000,000 on engineering research out of revenue. The firm's manufacturing programme is divided more or less equally between the motor industry and heavy engineering. Their most spectacular activity is the mass production of thin-walled bearings for cars and commercial

(*Continued on following pages*)

A huge cast-iron bearing shell for a steel rolling mill is about to be dipped in molten tin before lining. The carbon on the surface of the cast iron, which would interfere with the bonding of the bearing material, has been removed by a special process

The bedplate of a 12,000-h.p. eight-cylinde
Switzerland and built in Glasgow by A

BEARINGS THE WORLD RUNS ON

(*Continued from page 143*)

vehicles. These are made from narrow strips of steel and 1,500 miles of the material is used in a single year.

The strip is supplied in big coils. It is coated with bearing metal by various processes. One method is to spread on the strip an even layer of powdered alloy which is then sintered and compressed. For the production of dry bearings a porous bronze is used to coat the strip and this is impregnated with a thermo-plastic material which gives a hard-wearing bearing surface needing no lubrication.

Crankshaft bearings for all types of piston engine were, in most cases up to 1939, made from steel shells lined with tin or lead base alloys. The increased loads and speeds resulting from the higher efficiency engines of to-day require bearings which are stronger. Glacier have done a great deal of research to produce better bearing materials. One of their latest products is a steel-backed bearing lined with an aluminium alloy containing 20 per cent. of tin. These, they claim, can carry heavier loads with less wear than conventional heavy-duty bearings. They are less costly to make and are in use by Fiat, Ford, Vauxhall, Perkins (for their diesel engines) and others.

Last year Glacier made a total of 80,000,000 bearings, of which more than 50,000,000 were used by the motor industry. The firm's products range from half-inch bearings for small two-stroke industrial engines and electric motors to 5-ft. monsters which are needed for coal pulverising plant.

In 1960 they used 5,000 tons of steel, 1,000 tons of copper, and 600 tons of tin. I was agreeably surprised to find that the firm's metal buyer is a woman: Miss Elsie Wilderspin, who has been with the company for thirty-six years. She was formerly secretary to Mr. Findlay, founder of the firm.

During my tour of the Glacier factories I found a big contrast between the slick, quick methods employed for the quantity-production of hundreds of thousands of thin-walled bearings every day and those used in the manufacture of special-purpose bearings, some of very great size, for marine engines, rolling mills, earth-moving machinery, quarries, coal-mines, hydro-electric stations and railways. These highly-specialised products weigh up to 5 tons and cost as much as £1,000 each. Their construction demands the hard-won skill of experienced craftsmen who move the heavy steel or iron bearing shells by overhead crane.

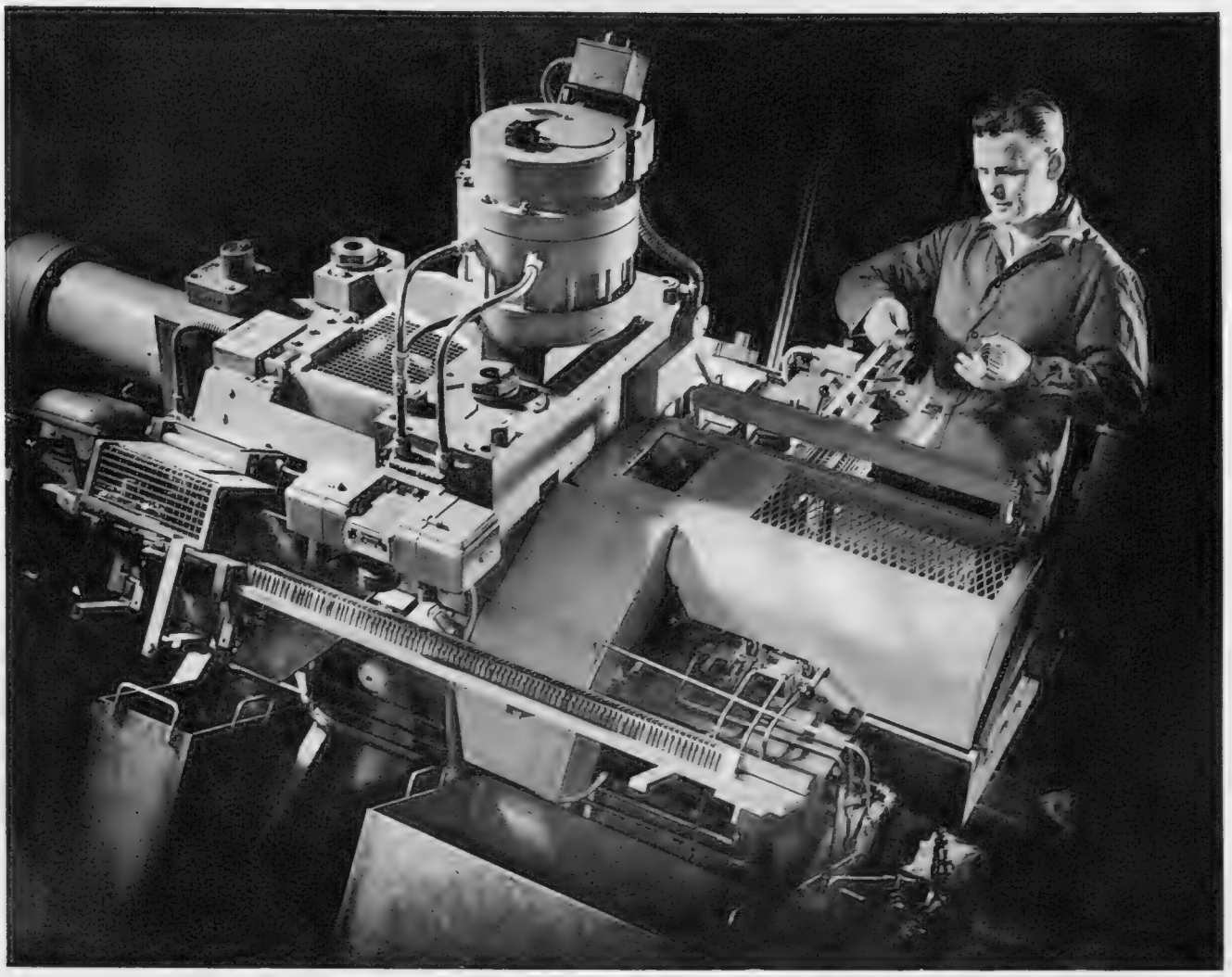
I came away from the Glacier plants with the feeling that the firm's products smooth our daily path in a variety of unexpected ways. Whether you luxuriate in the *Canberra*, Britain's latest ocean liner, hare along M 1 in a Midland Red coach or flash through the upper air in a Comet jetliner, you owe part of your comfort and safety to Glacier bearings. (The Comets each have 400 of them.)

They are fitted to the refrigerator compressors used by cold storage companies to keep our food fresh; by the rolling mills which produce the steel for the bodies of our cars; by the hydro-electric stations which supply our domestic current. The firm's employees are proud of the fact that Mr. David Brown uses none but Glacier bearings in his Aston Martin cars. They like to feel that they helped the *marque* to become sports car champions of the world in 1959—the first time Great Britain had gained this title.

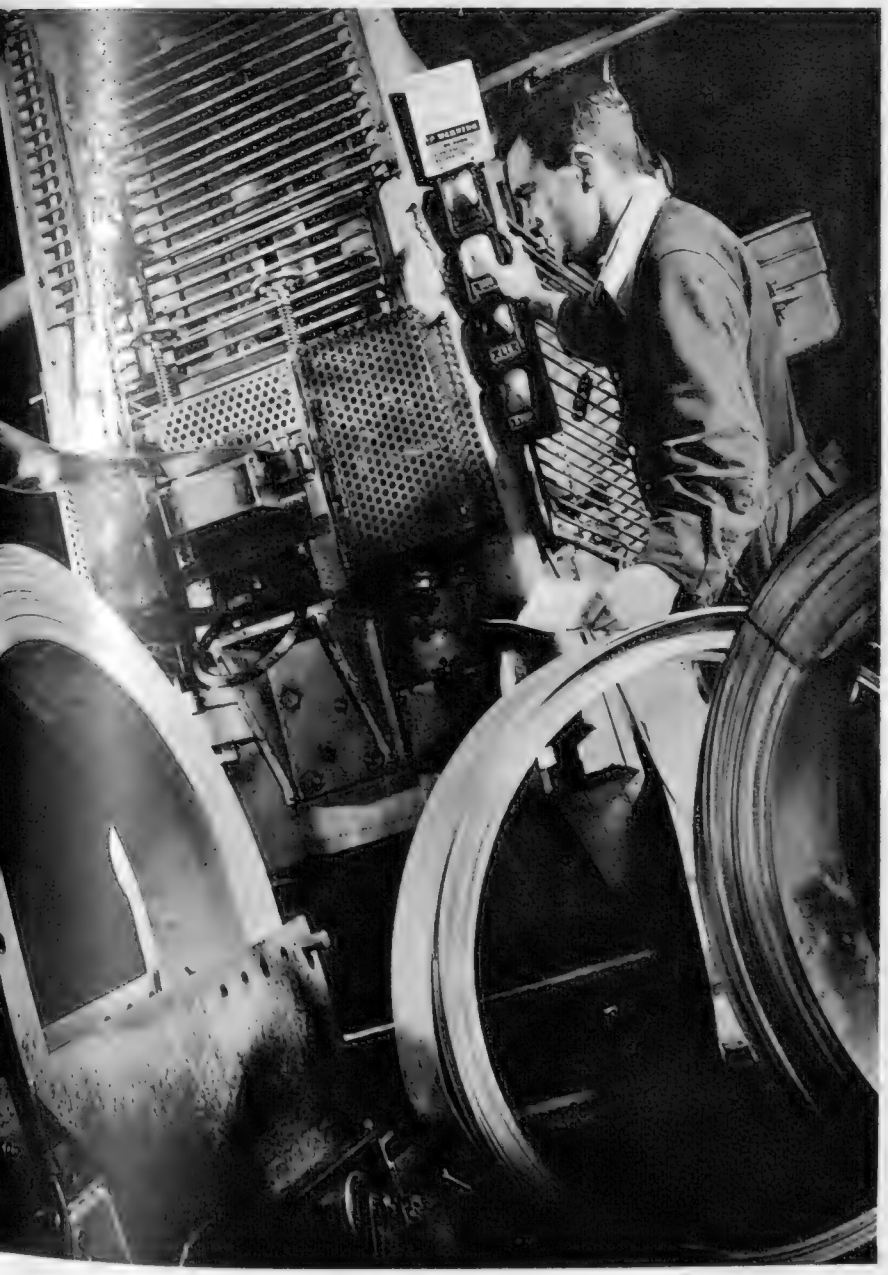
Glacier's interest in efficient engine performance reaches out farther and farther beyond the immediate boundaries of bearing manufacture. They make centrifugal oil filters of their own design at Kilmarnock and after experiments with transparent big-end bearings they have evolved a special lubrication system called Ramrod, which squirts a shot of oil into big-end bearings at the critical moment just before the start of the firing stroke. Guyler Findlay, who died nearly a quarter of a century ago, would be surprised indeed by some of the things being done to-day by the firm he started in such a modest way.

A bimetal strip is fed into a Kilmarnock press which plays a
a process known as sintering. This involves the use of metallic

esel. It was designed by Sultzer of
ephen, with bearings by Glacier Metal



A Glacier bore broaching machine finishes the running surface of bearings for the motor industry to an accuracy of ·0002 in. and at a rate of more than 1,000 an hour. Engine bearings must be finished to limits of accuracy not obtainable with ordinary machine tools



the manufacture of thin-walled bearings. The bearing alloy is bonded onto the steel strip by
pread onto a prepared steel strip, which is passed through a furnace and subsequently rolled

One of a range of machine tools developed and built by Glacier. The firm makes or repairs bearings up to five tons and measuring from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 5 ft. in diameter

MOTORING

BRITISH SUCCESSES IN RALLY

The pleasures of driving a Rolls-Royce

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

I knew the East African Safari was a tough rally but I did not fully realise, until I flew to Nairobi to report the 1961 event, how good a car has got to be, in design and construction, even to finish in this motoring marathon. Britain's success in the recent Safari—and especially that of Ford of Dagenham—is an impressive answer to the critics who say that British cars can't stand up to the road conditions in territories like Kenya, remote parts of Canada and the Australian outback. For the Safari organisers insist on cars being perfectly standard. There is no question of a firm like Ford hotting up the engines of their entries, stiffening the suspension or fitting special brakes. The only extras allowed are things like sump-guards and wire mesh to protect radiators and lamps from damage by flying stones.

I followed the progress of the rally in a five-seater, twin-engined Piper Aztec, flown by thirty-one-year-old Miss June Wright, a Nairobi charter pilot who received a Queen's commendation in the New Year Honours List for ferrying a large number of refugees out of Congo last year. I flew more than 1,000 miles over the 3,350-mile rally route through Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda. For most of this distance we followed the winding rally road, flying low enough to wave to the crews.

It was very bumpy flying only 50 ft. above bush and jungle but it was worth it, even if only to see the big game screened by dense vegetation from the eyes of most of the rally drivers. We saw elephant, wildebeest, giraffe, ostrich, zebra, buffalo and buck.

The road surfaces over which the rally cars had to pass, at an average speed of 47 m.p.h. —increased to over 50 m.p.h. on a few special sections—for the most part were unbelievably bad, with wicked corrugations, jagged rocks, deep ruts and chassis-breaking potholes. The roads were dry and dust was one of the drivers' biggest problems. Each car set up a miniature dust storm and overtaking was a highly dangerous procedure. In most cases overtaking drivers had to take a chance that no one was coming the opposite way and that the road was not going to swing sharply to right or left.

Last year mud was the big bogy and only twenty-five cars out of eighty-five finished. This time there were seventy-seven starters and thirty-eight finished. Ford deserve high praise for winning the team prize (for the third year running), the women's cup, the value-for-money contest (1-2-3) and the 1,300-c.c. class (1-2-3). Outright winner of the rally was Johnny Manussis in a Mercedes Benz. Next came another Mercedes 220SE driven by Bill Fritschy, a Nairobi car dealer, who was hoping to win the rally for the third time running and complete the hat trick. He did well to finish second. For more than 1,000 miles he had to drive without a clutch.

Third place in the general classification was claimed by Mrs. Anne Hall, from Huddersfield, whose co-driver was Mrs. Lucille Cardwell, a Nairobi sports car expert who has had much experience of the Safari. But Anne herself had never competed in the Safari before. It was a tremendous achievement to come in third in the first British car to finish and Anne —who is delightfully feminine in spite of her strong-arm feats at the wheel of rally cars— can now be regarded as being at the top of her form. The two other Zephyrs which helped to win the team prize for Ford were driven by Tom Wisdom (London journalist who had Peter Walker of Nairobi as co-driver and who finished sixth) and Cuth Harrison (Ford main dealer at Sheffield, who was partnered by Peter Davies).

I expect Sir Patrick Hennessy is as pleased about the performance of his Anglias as of his Zephyrs. Five of these tough little 997-c.c. saloons started—and five finished. This year they were battling in their class with nine Volkswagens and on this occasion the rear-engined German car was completely routed by the less-powerful Dagenham product. Anglias took first three places both in their class and in the value-for-money contest based on a formula which related price to performance. I understand Dagenham spent £17,000 on their full-scale participation in the Safari. They will get that back many times over in publicity, prestige and lessons learned.

The winning Mercedes driven by J. Manussis

An Ondine, a modified Dauphine, seen on one of the many rough sections of the East African Rally route

Next year I hope to see B.M.C., Rootes and Standard-Triumph competing in the Safari on a full-scale factory basis instead of leaving it to their Kenya distributors. Britain's success in this year's Safari will boost the sales of all British cars in a market which has been languishing as a result of the political uncertainty and, more recently, the deadlock over the release of Jomo Kenyatta and the formation of a new Government.

The achievement of a privately-entered Humber Super Snipe in finishing fourth and of a Sunbeam Rapier in winning its class will greatly contribute to the tonic effect of the Safari results as far as British car sales in East Africa are concerned. The urgent need for a shot-in-the-arm of this kind is shown by the fact that in the first quarter of 1961 new car sales in Kenya slumped 33⅓ per cent compared with the first three months last year. In 1960, just over 10,000 new cars were sold in Kenya. Of these 4,600 were British and 2,500 German. Ford of Dagenham sold more than any other make (1,500) but Volkswagen claimed to be the most popular single model, with 1,150 sales.

I was glad to see that Sir Patrick Renison, Governor of Kenya, uses a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud. Just before I went to Kenya I was given the chance of renewing acquaintance with this magnificent car which to my mind still represents the ultimate in luxury motoring. We are apt to take the Rolls-Royce for granted. "At £6,093 it *must* be good," we say to ourselves. But when the opportunity occurs to climb into the driver's seat the very feel of the high-quality hide with which the Rolls is upholstered makes you start thinking that here is a car which you just don't judge by normal standards, certainly not by the sordid yardstick of price.

After driving a Silver Cloud for hundreds of miles recently, I am more convinced than ever that the car's new V-8 engine of 6¼ litres is even smoother and quieter—and certainly more lively—than the "straight six" it replaced; that the four-speed Hydramatic gear-box fitted as standard is still the best form of automatic transmission I have yet struck; that the powered steering with which all Rolls-Royce and Bentley models are now equipped adds greatly to the fatigue-free pleasure of driving these cars; and that with such efficient drum brakes it is not surprising Rolls-Royce refuse to use discs just for the sake of being "in the fashion."

The Silver Cloud I used had these extras: vapour-compression refrigerating system (£390), press-button electric window controls (£92) and Sundym tinted glass (£18). If I could afford a Rolls I would specify the lot.

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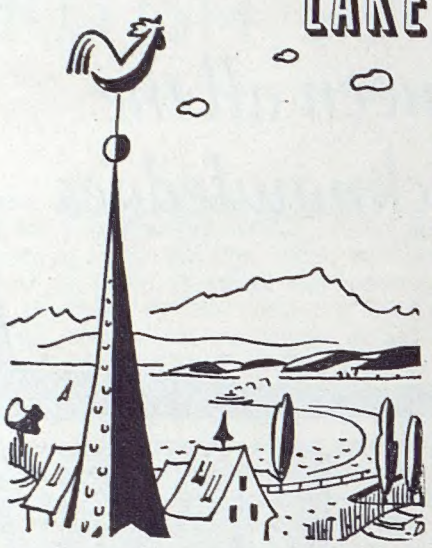

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